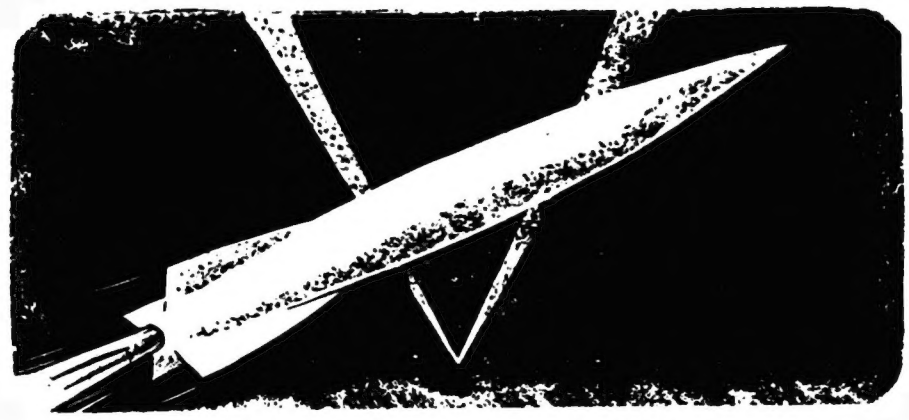
Week ending April 14 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday



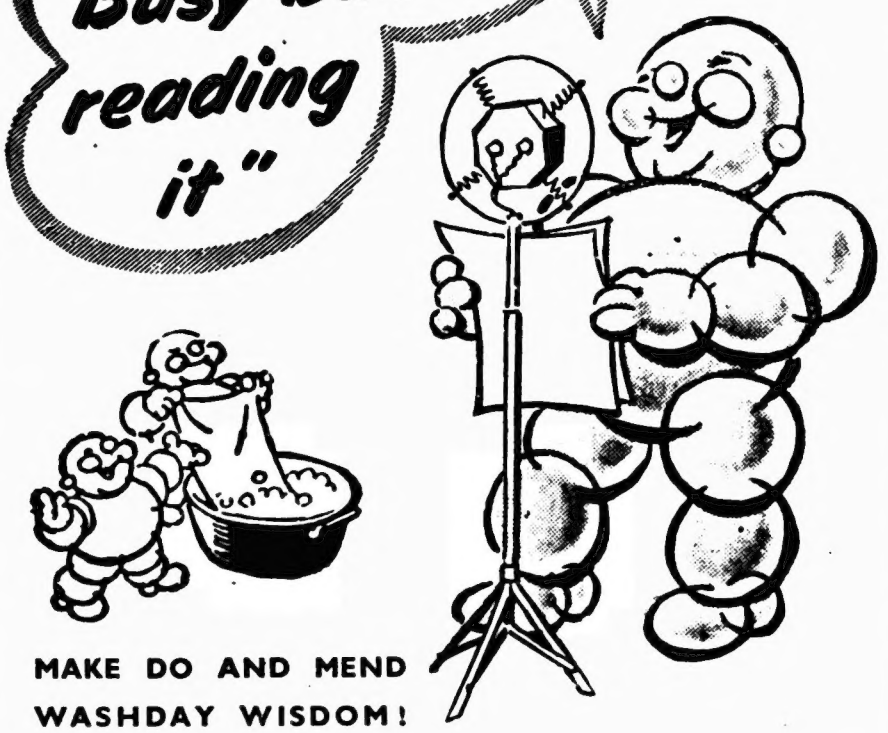
My goodness-

There's nothing like a Guinness when you're tired

G.E.1221.C

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

"HERE IS THE SAFE WASHING NEWS and this is Busy Bubble reading it"



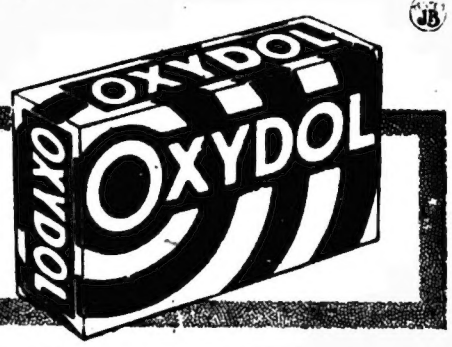
MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM!

Farewell, washtub wear and tear! Oxydol's Busy Bubble lather is now on the job — washing clothes spanking clean in a safe and gentle way. So use Oxydol, the amazing granulated soap and have your clothes last longer — save clothes coupons every washday.

3½d. size - 1 coupon.
7d. size - 2 coupons.

OXYDOL

A Class 1 Product.
At your shop.



THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY, LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

PEARL PENSION ASSURANCE

EXAMPLE OF BENEFITS *(suggestion for a man aged 35 next birthday)*

For yourself at age 60—
Annual income for life £170
Cash option instead of the income £2,000
Guaranteed bonuses £250

For your dependants—
Cash payment in the event of your death before age 60 £2,000
In addition guaranteed bonuses at a rate of £10 in respect of each year's premium paid.

Premium payments rank for Income Tax abatement.

The above is an example only. Benefits which may be more suited to your particular needs are just as readily obtainable.

★ ENQUIRY FORM

To PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Please let me know the annual cost of securing a yearly income of £ ..... at age ..... (other benefits proportionate)

Name ..... (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) Date of Birth .....

Address .....

J.B. 71

Your Murphy Dealer will see you through

Beware the man who "knows all about radio" and will put your set right in a jiffy. He may sound like a ray of hope and sunshine to you, but to us he's a dark ugly cloud. Not a week, hardly a day, goes by but somebody writes to us that their set has been ruined by some dabbler. And their charges! Do not trust them gentle Murphy Owners. Find your Murphy Dealer and if you can't, write to us.

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED · WELWYN GARDEN CITY · HERTS

C.R.C.172

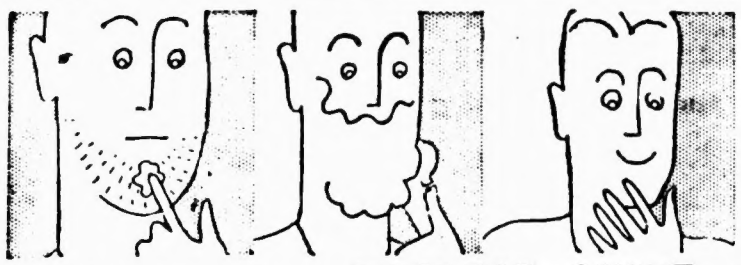
Her teeth are YOUR concern—

Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm, white teeth, *safe from the danger of decay*. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' ✱ which corrects acid mouth, often the cause of dental trouble. The tooth paste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Children love its pleasant, mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

✱ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*



How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.* **2** *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.* **3** *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1/3 PER JAR

S.C.9

'CAMP'

Don't blame your grocer if you have to 'WAIT FOR IT'

GOOD COFFEE
CONCENTRATED

You like Biscuits

It isn't always the nicest and most attractive things that are good for us. But biscuits certainly are! Packed full of energy-creating and stamina-sustaining ingredients, they fill an urgent war-time need as nothing else can. Remember that when you are spending your points. Just as you like biscuits

. . . they like you!

C73-108

SILVER LINING

"I'm fed up. I can't wear my white silk blouse with my new costume, after all."
"Why? Has that sister of yours borrowed it again?"
"No, that's the trouble! It looks too much like yesterday's dinner napkin."
"Cheer up, my child. I've got some Sylvan Flakes. We'll have it looking like new in no time."
"You really mean you've got some Sylvan! I haven't seen a packet for ages."
"There aren't any packets now. Sylvan's sold loose. But you can always tell Sylvan, it's extra white."
"Please, how can I get some?"
"Ask for Sylvan by name. No good just saying 'flakes'. The grocer's not a thought reader."

SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

55FP

Signal Service! Your trusty Blue Gillettes are out of commission just now. It's not all smooth sailing yet. But there's smooth *shaving* to be had from the Standard Gillette Blade — the blade in battledress — with a heart of sound steel. All shipshape and Gillette fashion!

Gillette in battledress

"Standard" Gillette Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

Sometimes hard to find—but always worth the effort! Production still restricted.

Something you can do for him

You don't need to be told of the sacrifices the British Soldier is making, of the dangers he is facing, the magnificent victories he has won. Show your gratitude by doing what *you* can for him — support the Army Benevolent Fund.

No official scheme which has to apply simple rules in the treatment of millions of families in varied circumstances can cover *all* cases of hardship. For this reason the Army Benevolent Fund has been established to secure greater financial assistance for the approved Military Charities which benefit service and ex-service men and women and their dependants.

★ *The British Soldier has earned your thanks—make them practical—make them generous. Simply pay your donation in to any Branch of any Bank.*

ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

PATRON H.M. THE KING

20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

Nice work for a Sapper!

"You wouldn't believe what the mud out there does to your clothes!" says Sapper A. E. Chaplin, R.E. "Whenever I get a chance, I do my own washing with Rinso. That's the stuff to get the dirt out! Makes the grubbiest clothes clean as a pin in no time! It's a field-day for me all right when the folks at home send me a packet of Rinso." Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons.

R 3253-621

R. S. Hudson Limited

Without Fear or Favour

IS PEACE AN ILLUSION?

LET US BE REALISTIC. We must face the facts which some of our friends in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land are so anxious to ignore.

There is a difference of opinion between Russia, the U.S.A., and Britain—the three Powers which will hold the issues of peace or war for many years to come.

In consequence, it is argued that this month's San Francisco Conference should be postponed until the nations are in perfect accord. Which means that it should be postponed until the moon turns into a hunk of green cheese.

Nations are never in absolute harmony. Can any of us truthfully say we see eye-to-eye on all matters with our next-door neighbour or our business partner? Why, then, should we expect foreigners to have exactly our own ideas?

THERE ARE SEVERAL disagreements between the Allies to-day. The Polish issue is one. But the chief concerns the method of voting at the proposed World Security Organisation.

The suggestion is that the Big Powers should have more say in affairs than the smaller States. Well, how many of us really think the vote of Guatemala or Ecuador or Luxemburg should count as much as that of Britain or Russia?

The answer is already decided. If a Big Power is intent on war, the disapproval of Iceland is hardly likely to deter it.

Peace is not an illusion, but the notion that mere legal safeguards can ensure peace is a dangerous fallacy fit only for day-dreams.

The best safeguards would be world-wide prosperity and social justice, so that no Power would be tempted to go to war. That aim can be furthered by a system in which any dispute between nations can be fully and frankly judged.

The San Francisco Conference seeks to draft a Charter—not a final act—whereby such a system could be framed. And it is the best reason for not postponing that assembly and thereby depressing the eager hope of the whole civilised world.

The Editor

Hostages Won't Save the Nazis

Stalin Warns Tokyo. Nightmares for a General. Sir John's Leisure. Commonsense Way to get Houses. Why the Colour Bar on Boxers? Multi-millionaire from the Farm

GERMANY'S CHAOS spurts rumours like sparks from a catherine wheel. Grimmest of these is that Hitler has gathered into a hostage camp titled and other social personages from among British prisoners of war.

His motive can only be conjectured. What is certain is that there can be no negotiations on the strength of Hitler's having hostages at his mercy, as A. G. Gardiner recently declared in these columns (JOHN BULL, March 17).

The Allies, for their part, will observe scrupulously the Prisoners of War Convention. If the Germans don't, so much the worse for them when the settlement comes.

'89 Vintage

NEXT WEEK (April 20) will bring his fifty-sixth birthday to a man directly concerned.

As a youngster he worked on bricklaying. Then, for some time, he lived in a casual ward and earned a few shillings by painting picture postcards and hawking them round public bars. In the last war he was injured by mustard gas, and for a while lost his sight. Later he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and actually served eight months.

His birthday thought may well be a regret that he was ever born. He must certainly know that his end is very near.

He, Adolf Hitler, has so lost control of his country that communications even with some of his forces in the field have ceased to exist. Fighting with isolated units may therefore continue after the main German armies have been defeated or have Unconditionally Surrendered.

Zhukov's Strength

Montgomery and Bradley will take care of them. Most of the remaining enemy troops will be trapped in an area which has Berlin as its centre. Then the long pause of Marshal Zhukov before Berlin will yield high dividends. Like Monty in the West, he believes in making sure before he strikes.

And the Americans in the south will prevent the remnants of the German armies from reinforcing the Hitler guards in Bavaria.

Jap Nut

RUSSIA'S DENUNCIATION of the Jap neutrality treaty quickened the heart-beats of thousands of Britons who have relatives in Far Eastern prison camps.

For inevitably the end of the Pacific war is brought nearer. Already Japan must feel like a nut in steel pincers. An early negotiated peace is possible.

Man of the Hour

MEANWHILE, THE RAPID Anglo-American advances are enough to give nightmares to a fifty-six-year-old Canadian who won the D.S.O. and M.C. in the last war, served in China and the North-West Frontier, and has commanded a division and a corps in this war.

His name is Arthur Grasett. His rank is lieutenant-general, and his present fearful title is Assistant Chief of Staff, SHAEF G5 (Civil Affairs).

What it Means

Which means that it is his job to prevent famine and ease the muddle in the liberated areas. Now that we are capturing great German cities with much of their normal population left, the task is all the greater.

Housing, transport and other essential services must be organised. Slave labour must be sent back to the proper countries. Disease must be prevented.

So, though we don't hear much of Arthur Grasett, he is probably as important to-day as many a Prime Minister.

Hitler, as he may well look on his coming birthday, is seen here by Tim. Contrary to popular belief, he was never a house-painter or a paper-hanger, and his family changed its name from Schicklgruber so long ago as 1842. Otherwise, everything most of us have said about him seems to be justified!

Leisure for Sir John

BY CONTRAST, another little-known official finds his authority waning as Victory waxes in the West. Wing-Commander Sir John Hodsoll, Inspector-General of Civil Defence, is disquieted by the prospect of a little leisure, and is anxious for A.R.P to be continued in the peace.

A man who never gets tired, he was trained as an engineer in the G.W.R. works at Swindon, though that didn't spoil his super-Oxford accent.

He began talking A.R.P. in 1935, and was the first to scout the notion of "germ warfare." But events have belied his prediction, a year ago, that Britain would become a battleground as D-Day approached, and that the enemy might use gas.

No More A.R.P.

And events will also prove, let us hope, that there will be no need for Civil Defence after the war. All except a few District Wardens have had enough of it.

Sir John has done a fine job. There is no reason for not finding him another in which he might have time to play the cricket, golf and tennis he enjoys.

JB insurance

"THE CASH WAS MOST USEFUL"

writes Mr. J. Robinson, of Darlington, in acknowledging cheque paid under John Bull's Free Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc., in addition to FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE.

100 per cent. Success

INCIDENTALLY, THE GRAND WORK of the A.A gunners is even now not fully appreciated. Here, accordingly, are our thanks for a hard task brilliantly done. We are not allowed by Censorship to publish the figures of their successes; but we can hint that when they become known they will surprise many people—including the enemy

Much hard work made those figures possible. On the East Coast alone, 200 miles of roads had to be built and 50,000 lorryloads of materials brought up for the gun emplacements.

Spend More!

PICTURE LORD CATTO, Governor of the Bank of England, telling the public that, once we have got over the transition period from war to peace, we shall all have to spend more.

Imagine him advocating "a greatly extended system of social security, including a national minimum of income, education, health and old-age pensions, to be financed out of the ordinary Budget"!

Yet that, precisely, is the gospel of Lord Catto's opposite number in the United States, Mr. Marriner Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board.

Home Market

Mr. Eccles puts the American post-war problem like this: If the country produces no more than it did in 1938, between fifteen and twenty million Americans will be out of work.

But he does not echo the "we must export more" parrot cry. Instead, blaming American business men for thinking too much in terms of exports, he says they must look to the home market.

Bewildering to British ears? Yet here, hardly less than over there, inventions and discoveries continuously make possible a higher factory output. Sooner or later we shall all have to enjoy a higher standard of living—or, in the jargon of the economists, "consume more."

The Mulberry Bush

MR. ATTLEE stuck his chin out by claiming, as an example of State enterprise, the prefabricated "Mulberry" port that made D-Day possible.

Chairmen of engineering firms retort that "every part of the Mulberry operation was fabricated, constructed and erected by private enterprise."

They miss the point. Even if private firms had designed the work (which they didn't), Mulberry was still what Mr. Attlee claimed for it.

Service, Not Profit

Mulberry was designed, not because it might prove marketable, but to serve a communal purpose. The State told the firms: "We want so-and-so by a certain time. Do the job at a price depending on costs, to which we must have full access."

The State saw that the firms got labour and materials, and the firms' employees did their stuff. The work was not done by financiers, directors or sales departments.

If a Housing Minister tells the building trade in 1946: "I want so many

houses in such-and-such a time. Here are the designs. I'll see you get labour and materials. Now go ahead," private enterprise will be delighted and so will Labour.

It won't be speculative building and it won't be Socialism. But it will be common-sense, which the nation wants.

Pit Clerk to Director

THE NATION HAS certainly got common-sense in the Reid Report on coal, of which the newspapers have had much to say. But strangely little has been said of the man behind it.

Charles Reid, Director of Coal Production for the last eighteen months, started life as a colliery clerk. For twenty years he was general manager of Fife Coal Company, and he boasted that his safety department was considered by Whitehall as a model for all Britain.

A blunt and vital person, he carried through big concentration schemes. His son, who succeeded him in Fife, has installed the most up-to-date machinery in the world.

Proposals in Brief

It is not surprising, therefore, that the Reid Report's chief recommendation is for large-scale amalgamations to be administered by a semi-public body on the lines of London Transport.

With Mr. Reid's background in mind, we can also understand his insistence on mechanisation in the mines.

But many of us will still favour downright nationalisation.

Sir Ram Comes to Town

MOST OF THE HEADS of the Empire delegations now in London (they are portrayed on this page) are by now fairly well known to the British public. Except one: the Indian spokesman.

Actually, Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar is no stranger. He was the first journalist to be appointed, in 1942, as Indian representative at the War Council in London.

He is also a barrister and an economist. Above all, he is shrewd. His advice should be valuable both in London and at San Francisco.

Lifelike Films

SILHOUETTE PHOTOS of our great grandfathers strike us as childishly funny and slightly stupid. Maybe we shall feel the same about to-day's movies which, though we take them for granted, are flat and without depth.

Russians and Hollywood people alike are doing wonders with the so-called "three-dimensional" film, which looks so real that Moscow audiences have been known to duck as a soldier throws a grenade towards the front of the screen. In one film, thousands of birds and butterflies seem to be flying immediately over the heads of the audience.

Both the stereoscopic film and immensely improved radio reception will be among early post-war developments.

"THE THIRD REICH WILL LAST 1000 YEARS . . . ."

—Adolf Hitler, September, 1934

Wireless Bias?

THE RECENT NOTE on radio electioneering has brought a query about the B.B.C.'s news department. Do the news readers lean Left or Right, and is there anything in taunt of Somerset de Chair, M.P., that "Broadcasting House is littered with Bloomsbury intellectuals"?

Of the regular news readers, only Joseph Macleod and Frederick Allen show signs of political feeling away from the microphone. Joseph is fond of Russia, sick of the Tories. Allen is a Liberal of the old school. Grisewood, Lidell, Phillips and Hibberd are obviously Conservative, but not rabidly so.

Impartial Blend

And the men who write the news for them? Well, the bulletins are prepared by teams with a nice mixture of old journalists who wouldn't easily forget their training for impartiality, and university men who are no more than pink or pale blue.

The result, as Brendan Bracken has pointed out, is that some Socialists say the news has a Conservative bias, while some Tories swear the same bulletins are red.

Ghoul's Gamble

THE GAMBLING INSTINCT is strong in many of us, and nobody wants to spoil anyone else's fun, but isn't the stock market speculation in the funds of enemy countries just a bit thick?

City of Saarbruecken 4½ per cent. Bonds rose during March—while British and American boys were still dying like flies—from 26 to 46, "mainly," as the *Financial News* said, "on the possibility that Germany west of the Rhine may be incorporated in France, or at any rate split off from the rest of Germany."

Thanks, Bebe

HONOURS ARE DUE to the American vaudeville stars who stayed on through the blitz to entertain the British public.

Bebe Daniels, Vic Oliver, Turner Layton and Charlie Kunz could have scuttled to safety, but didn't. It's worth at least an M.B.E. Teddy Brown, with four times the bomb liability of the normal-sized, might get the O.B.E.

Poor Boy Made a Lot

NEXT WEEK WILL BE the anniversary of the birth of an American to whom our small traders will certainly vote no honour. Yet his first shop failed, and he had to start again.

His is a classic case of "poor boy makes good"—which seems to mean the making of a good deal of money. Young Frank Woolworth was born on a farm, became a clerk, lived to see a building of fifty-seven storeys given his name, and died leaving five and half million pounds.

Waste Begins Again

IT USED TO BE SAID that the war would make housewives thrifty. But now the war is collapsing they are not allowed to save.

Local authorities stopped collecting empty cans and bottles months ago. Dairy roundsmen no longer accept milk bottle caps, which require vast quantities of metal in the course of a year.

Officialdom itself is preparing to squander masses of raw materials.

Thrown to the Fishes!

Huge stocks of duralumin sheets have been found in Belgium, a present from the enemy. They could be used for prefabricated houses; instead, they are to be discarded as scrap.

Considerable numbers of German aero engines have also been found. Their fine metal is not to be melted down; they are to be dumped into the sea—unless this paragraph leads to second and very official thought.

Colour Bar

BOXERS SUCH AS Danny Webb, the Canadian army feather-weight, and Lefty Flynn, from Jamaica, are ineligible for British championship honours because they happen to be coloured men.

Couldn't this anomaly be removed from the so-called noble art? After all, when we are in a jam we think Empire citizens from Canada or Jamaica are good enough to fight for us, even if their skins are dusky.

Glad Sound

BRASS BANDS, filling London's Albert Hall next October, will bring to a climax the area championship started at Leicester by the *Daily Herald*.

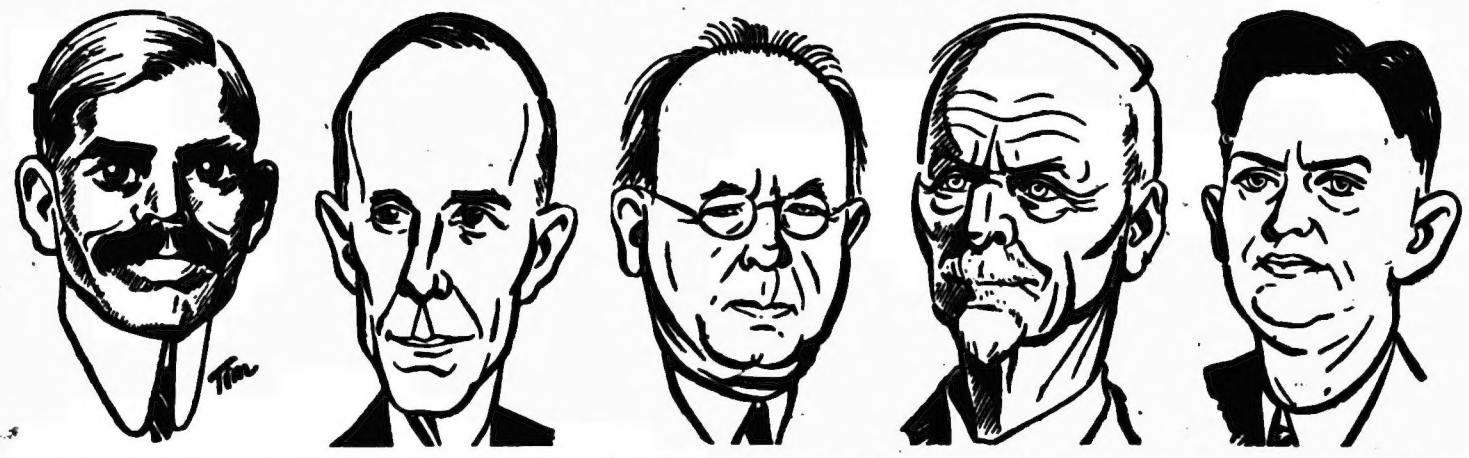
Boys aged nine vie with musicians in their seventies, and there are girls of all ages. Altogether, Britain's 1,700 brass bands comprise 40,000 enthusiasts.

Good, Mr. Eden?

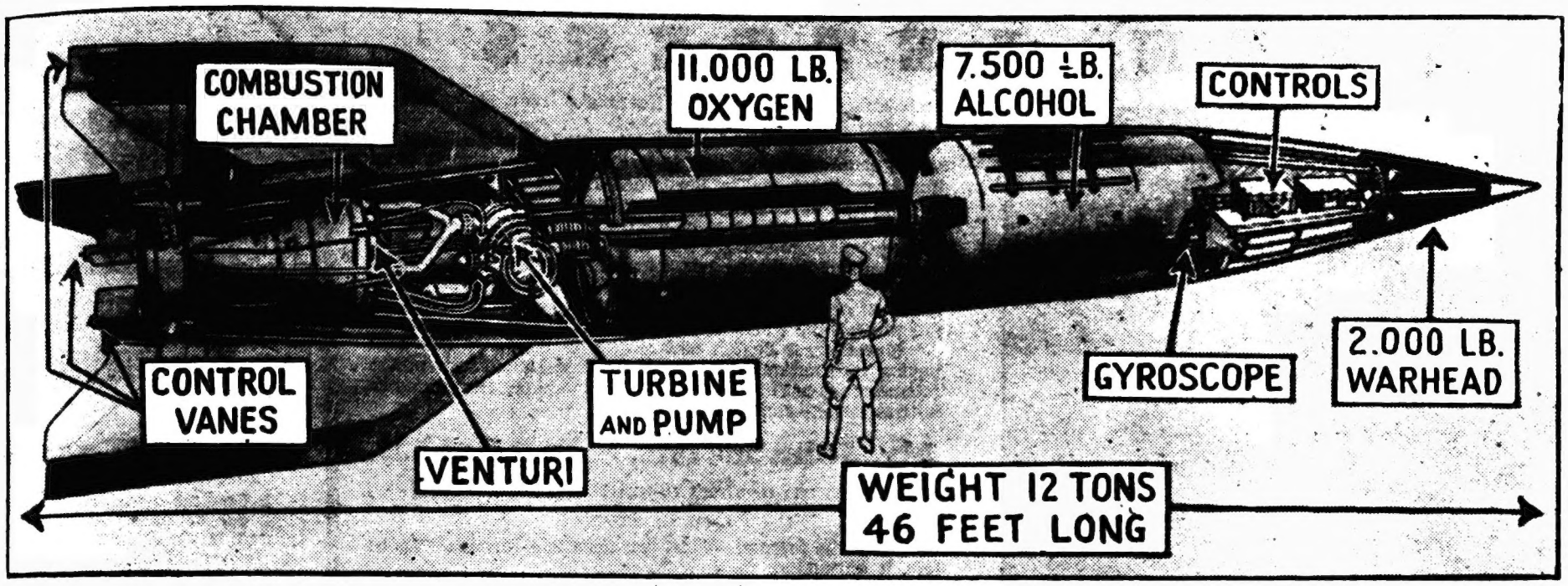
TO END ON A NOTE of hollow laughter: "When," asks an M.P. plaintively, "will the Foreign Secretary abandon the phrase 'not unsatisfactory' and describe something as satisfactory?" Mr. Eden says roundly he will not abandon it, for he "thinks it a pretty good description."

Pretty, but not good. If only the relations between all our Allied friends could be described as satisfactory, how really good that would be!

EMPIRE LEADERS MEET IN LONDON



These are the men of the week. With other Dominion and Colonial delegates they have arrived in London for talks with Mr. Eden before going on to the San Francisco Conference. Let us say quickly that they are not here to form an "Empire bloc" against other countries. But, wisely, they are discussing and defining the policies of their respective Governments towards the proposals for a World Security Organisation. Above, as seen by "Tim": Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar (India), Vincent Massey (Canada), Peter Fraser (New Zealand), Field-Marshal Smuts (South Africa), Francis M. Forde (Australia).



People in Southern England have never seen the V2 quite like this. But they have heard it—and readers everywhere can realise its devilish ingenuity by studing this diagram

V for VENGEANCE

The inside story of *Vergeltungswaffe Zwei*—"Vengeance weapon No. 2"

by T. S. Douglas

WHEN THE FIRST V2, the long, coned cylinder close on 50 ft. high, rose from its launching base with a devilish roar, blasting its way to the stratosphere before curving down towards Britain, it was a proud day for Nazi science.

During the years of peace and "disarmament" German genius had worked patiently towards this weapon. In other lands rockets were considered fit for newspaper strip pictures or boys' thrillers; in Germany research on them received secret State subsidies.

At first there was some publicity, and Opel, the car-designer, reached the headlines with a jet-driven car, in which he killed himself on the Leipzig autobahn.

Then the Nazis came to power, and talk of rockets ceased abruptly in high places.

Experimental rocket-mail trips between Alpine valleys continued—the rocket-post stamps were popular with collectors—and our own G.P.O. observed a few tests of the rocket's mail-carrier possibilities; but there was a general revival of the view that the rocket, as a factor in war, belonged to some fantastic future.

Reports from Polish Underground

By 1939 a useful V2 prototype had been constructed. Perhaps it was this that tipped the balance when Hitler decided on immediate war. Herman Oberth, greatest of rocket pioneers, had written in 1929 (his book, entitled "Methods of Space Travel," was hardly noticed in this country) that it would be 20 years before a rocket with a 3,000-kilogram explosive charge would be possible. Hitler's technicians must have told him proudly that they'd done the job in ten.

Early in 1942 rumours were circulating in Europe that a rocket weighing seventy tons with a ten-ton load of H.E. had been tested in Germany. That story may have been true.

Peenemunde, the charming Baltic resort, was the rocket-chiefs' headquarters. Unfortunately for them, a reconnaissance photo from high altitude showed a suspicious dot. Lenses and stereoscopes in Whitehall focused on that small smudge and decided that it was some experimental type of secret weapon—the flying bomb, as it turned out later. Brilliant espionage confirmed the picture. One night, at heavy cost to the R.A.F. in men and 'planes, Peenemunde was saturated. Hundreds of scientists and technicians, many of them V2 men, were wiped out.

The scene shifts to Poland. In March, 1943, came reports of something odd happening near Blizna. The inhabitants of the area had been forcibly evacuated, said the Polish underground. Firing tests were going on—and the target seemed to be a small deserted town *150 miles to the north*.

Drunk on Rocket-Fuel

This news came through Russia, and as time went on grew more detailed. Missiles exploded in the air, spreading fragments over wide areas. The Germans took enormous pains to collect every small part thus scattered. They threatened to wipe out entire populations if any fragment were concealed. Nevertheless, facts leaked continually to the partisans, and when in August a brilliant Russian advance overran the area, scientists collected facts at first hand.

Parts of the V-weapon were found in a riverbed; others the peasants had hidden despite Nazi savagery. Slowly the general design of the rocket emerged, dovetailing neatly with information received in Britain from other sources.

There remained only the question of fuel.

Ice had been seen round the craters. That meant liquid oxygen—a substance formed only at a temperature more than 200 degrees Centigrade below zero.

Some of the crews, reported the underground, got drunk on rocket-fuel.

That meant alcohol.

Thus, step by step, the last secrets of the rocket were mastered.

It was a scientific marvel: 46 ft. long, 5 ft. 6 in. in diameter, it weighed 15 tons and carried in its warhead between one and two tons of H.E.

Unlike the flying bomb, it did not use atmospheric air in its combustion, but carried its own air in the form of liquid oxygen. This substance, mixing with alcohol in the combustion chamber, sent jets of hot gas spurting outwards. Following Newton's third law, as the force drove in one direction, equal force was loosed in the other. This sent the rocket soaring away into space.

The combustion occurred under pressure, and this was supplied by a small steam engine occupying less than a cubic foot of space, yet powerful as the average locomotive.

Accidents were frequent. At a pre-selected height of twenty miles a gyroscopic device locked the fins for the required direction, but if any erratic motion prevented this the rocket would go straight up and then fall back directly earthwards.

If all went well, and the fins were correctly set, the rocket-path veered further from the perpendicular till, at a height of about 70 miles it started its downward curve.

On the upward journey the speed certainly exceeded 1,000 miles an hour; some calculations give figures nearer 4,000. As for the speed of impact on London, it was certainly greater than 3,000 miles an hour—that is, four times as fast as sound—so that the rocket arrived before the sound of its coming.

Glowing red from the friction of the atmosphere, the rockets, many of which were seen over Southern England, looked like shooting stars.

Astronomers Plan Rocket-Moon

Even when the experimental existence of the rocket was known some experts still held that it could not profitably be used in war. It cost anything from £10,000 a throw, and to produce one charge of alcohol fuel required the week's potato ration of 25,000 Germans.

To supply technical staff and materials for the rocket weapon the Nazis had to starve their other services. They hoped, even when they knew that their production was not enough to be decisive, that we should be forced to attack the rocket coast.

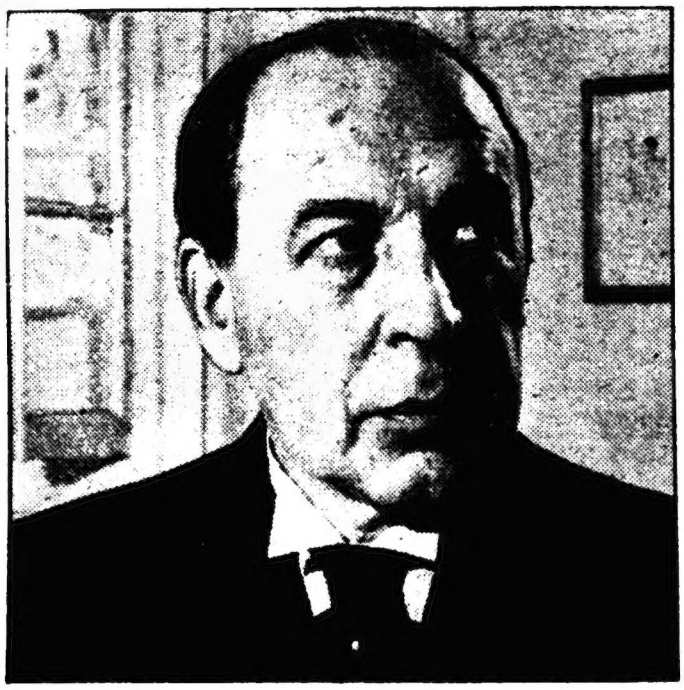
The Allied staffs knew the risk but adhered to their original plans. The troops guarding the rocket-coast invasion trap waited in vain.

We have not seen the last of V2.

Probably it will dominate strategy for a century. Possibilities of the device are only dimly realised. Within our own lifetime we may see passenger rockets cross the Atlantic. A journey to the moon is now quite feasible. Instrument-carrier rockets will explore the stratosphere.

One last possibility. To escape from earth's gravity a rocket needs a speed of 11.3 kilometres a second. At a slightly lesser speed it might continue to circle the earth indefinitely, an artificial moon. Astronomers already plan to launch one of these. They say they could learn a lot from it.

OPEN LETTERS



The Chancellor of the Exchequer may be playing with fire

Rt. Hon. Sir John Anderson

Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Your Budget will bring evil if you act on your last year's hint that "the cost of living subsidies cannot go on indefinitely."

These subsidies help to keep the industrial peace we all cherish. Reduce them, and you supply a reason for wage claims likely to end in strikes.

True, they are now adding £225,000,000 a year to National Debts. But the interest on this class of borrowing is only a little over 1 per cent.—and no one grumbles when your savings campaigns burden the taxpayer with interest at 3 per cent.

It is no answer to say that wages, as shown by the Ministry of Labour, were up 82 per cent. last July by comparison with October, 1938. More than half this was due to overtime, nightshifts and piecework.

The end of the war will certainly reduce total earnings, even though wage rates stay put, and if you refrain from keeping down the cost of living you will be playing with fire. During the next few years, while industrial costs remain high, it will be good business to keep the housewife's costs down.

Besides, to reduce the subsidies now will have the effect of filching away a portion of the gratuities of the men about to be demobilised.—JOHN BULL.

Col. W. D. Scott,

Food Controller at Glasgow

DEAR SIR,—It is a pity you should have issued to a restaurant owner a catering licence subject to the condition that he supplies "meals and hot beverages to Indians and Arabs only."

Doubtless Indians and Arabs have food needs peculiar to themselves, but couldn't the licence have been "to supply Indian and Arab meals only?"

As it is, the restaurant keeper must bar the friends of his Indian and Arab customers—if necessary, making them produce identity cards as proof of nationality. He might try to save himself this trouble by showing a notice "No Scots or Englishmen served," but that would be provocative.

You have introduced into this country's social life a racial restriction not only new, but quite alien to the British tradition.—JOHN BULL.

The Hon. F. M. Forde,

Deputy Prime Minister of Australia

DEAR MR. FORDE,—Obviously a continent like yours, populated by only seven million people when it could support three times that number, is asking for trouble. You are wise, therefore, to stress Australia's need for suitable British immigrants.

Already your Government and ours are discussing financial aid for emigrants. Your Re-Establishment and Employment Bill offers British and Allied ex-Servicemen such baits as good pay while learning a trade, preference in jobs, and free tools.

Your Government has said it wants to spend £27,000,000 on child immigration, and in the past it has secured child immigrants through Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

All this is fine, so far as it goes. But the emigration question is big enough to be made an issue for discussion by international conferences like that at San Francisco.

If under-developed countries are to benefit from mass immigration, the new arrivals ought to be accompanied by an inflow of capital—not necessarily their own. (Farm workers are worth more when they bring farm tractors with them.)

Moveover, a British emigrant, who for years has been paying into national insurance schemes, should in common fairness take with him the capitalised value of the payments he has made.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. John Morris, K.C., B.A., LL.B.

Chairman of the Committee on the Selling Price of Houses

DEAR MR. MORRIS,—What you need is a formula. To be fair, it must allow for four factors:

(1) Standard rent of the house or of a similar house in the same district—the higher it is, the greater the selling price.

(2) Prevailing rate of interest on Government bonds—a man is entitled to get more from house property than from gilt-edged, having regard to extra risk and worry.

(3) Prevailing rates—if rates rise, permissible selling price should rise.

(4) What money will buy, as compared with what it would buy in 1938. If £1,000 was a fair price then, something more than £1,000 is a fair price now, because money will not go so far.

Get a mathematician to devise a formula covering those points and half your job is done. The other half—how to prevent evasion of the law—is right up your street and I am sure you will find the way.—JOHN BULL.

To Any British Farmer

DEAR SIR,—What a tribute the Minister of Agriculture paid you when he gave the number of cases in which War Agricultural Committees had taken possession of land or terminated tenancies because of bad farming!

The total represented only 63 cases in every 10,000. The figures applied to England and Wales; but they revealed, I do not doubt, a state of things common to all Great Britain.

People may accuse you of grumbling about the weather or about prices, of getting cross when they leave your gates open for cattle to stray through, of showing resentment when they trample down your mowing grass or standing crops.

But they can't say you don't know how to cultivate land properly according to the most modern rules of good husbandry.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

GET READY!

ONE OF THESE DAYS, almost before you realise it, this war is going to be over. All sorts of props and stays are going to be pulled from under you with some suddenness.

You will find that all kinds of things that were almost unconscious habits have once again become front-mind problems.

In the last five or six years there has grown up much more of a community life, a community way of thinking, than you might realise. We have all thought much the same way and acted much the same way because there was no alternative.

The national effort, and therefore the individual effort, has all been set in one direction.

That is swiftly coming to an end. Real individual thinking is going to take the place of the second-hand thinking. You are going to have to think for yourself in a very difficult and dangerous world. Are you prepared for it?

Start getting ready to-day. Wake up your mind. Stir up your brains. Get rid of that half-hypnotic idea which you have had for years that other people know best, that you must do as you are told, that what is said from the platform is better than what is thought in your own mind.

It may be—but again it may not be. Your ideas are going to be just as good as the next man's. Be confident. Believe in yourself. Think out things for yourself. Don't be afraid to express your ideas.

The world of to-morrow needs *you*. See that you are there—and ready to help.

Argument

OUR EMPIRE—SHOULD IT SURVIVE?

for

1. Empires arise not entirely from lust for conquest, as is sometimes stated, but because the necessity for well-governed areas to keep order on their boundaries leads to the gradual extension of those boundaries.

2. Our Empire, for all its faults, has brought law and order to vast areas where, until we came, no man's life or property was secure.

3. We did not conquer a free India, the country was already conquered by invaders from the North. The choice for India is not between conquest and freedom. Of the several possible conquerors, we are perhaps the most just.

4. It is true that Indians, and other races in the Empire, have no votes, but would they have votes to-morrow if we moved out?

5. Throughout the British Empire freedom steadily grows. The Dominions have already complete independence. Eire was neutral in this war. In Africa, India and the Pacific, populations under the Crown receive slowly increasing self-government according to their educational level.

6. While spreading Christianity, we have everywhere respected other faiths.

7. The frequent subsidies granted to colonial territories are proof that we do not milk these possessions for our own profit.

against

1. Empire means conquest, no matter by what means this unpalatable fact is disguised.

2. The aim of conquest under Capitalism is private profit, and this is a steady drain from exploited areas even when no direct tribute (such as hut-taxes) is levied.

3. Of a colonial population of 71,000,000, less than 3,000,000 have a vote; in India (population 370,000,000) only 30,000,000 people have votes. So much for Imperial democracy.

4. As for subsidies, these are given only to colonial territories which long years of misrule have bankrupted.

5. The average income of an inhabitant of India is about £3 a year; the average expectation of life is about twenty-four years.

6. "People think of Africa as a rich country needing development. In fact, it is a very poor one going rapidly downhill." (Statement of experienced Colonial administrator in recent book.)

7. Facts such as these suggest that our Empire, like those which preceded it, is doomed. Only a Socialist World State, with collective trusteeship for backward areas, offers mankind any hope.

IT'S NEVER REALLY YOURS

New Lease Scandal exposed by JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner

YOU CAN LEASE A PIECE of ground and build yourself a house on it. You can live in that house, bring up your children in it, extend and improve it. *But it is never really yours.*

On the expiry of the ground lease the landowner can claim your house. You may be obliged to abandon it without compensation or buy it back from the landowner.

Your money and efforts over the years may have made worthless land valuable, but, unless you agree to any terms which the landowner likes to impose, you will lose everything.

Ridiculous? Scandalous? Yes, but it is legal and has been the law for centuries.

Recently I spent several days in the little Lanarkshire town of Stonehouse. The Stonehouse Leaseholders' Association, encouraged by the success of JOHN BULL's Pembroke campaign, had invited me to investigate a similar scandal there.

This Scottish town is peopled by many relatives of the original householders who commenced building their homes there on leasehold land a hundred years ago. These ancestors worked mostly at the silk weaving looms and were lucky if they earned 25s. a week.

Fighting for Their Homes

To-day their descendants have been compelled to band together to fight an iniquitous law. Some are now silver-haired and bent with age. Weaving, mining and agricultural work bring them incomes which often make mere living a struggle. Several are dependent only on the Old Age Pension. And most have sons and daughters in different parts of the world waging the war for freedom.

Back in Stonehouse these people are fighting for their homes. There are fifteen of them on the Leaseholders' Committee. Two of them are Justices of the Peace. They meet in the Miners' Institute in Stonehouse and are determined not to be side-tracked.

A special committee meeting was convened there at my request. "We shall fight with all the means we can find," said one old member, striking the floor with his stick. "It is not only for ourselves," said another, "but for the benefit of *all* leaseholders."

The story they told me goes back to 1844. Not only did the thrifty Stonehouse community of those days build their homes, but they also struggled together to build a manse on a site of three-fifths of an acre next to the church where they worshipped.

The lease of the ground was for ninety-nine years. The land was let by the landowner at £4 a year. As it was otherwise useless, this was ample rent in the circumstances.

Ground Rent More Than Doubled

One condition was that they must erect a building to the value of £200. Actually, the building erected cost £500. Subsequent extensions have made it now worth, at a minimum estimate, £1,500.

Last year the leasehold expired. Long before the expiry date the church deacons approached the Glasgow firm which was acting for the late owner's executors, asking for new terms.

They expected some increase, of course. But they hardly expected more than double the ground rent to be demanded. £12 was asked, but eventually this was reduced to £9.

The people of Stonehouse were prepared to agree to this increase. But they were astounded when an additional sum of no less than £600 (later reduced to £500) was demanded for what is, in law, called a "reversionary fee."

They said that the demand was outrageous and refused to pay. They and their forebears had built the manse, paid for it, extended it, and made it a valuable property.

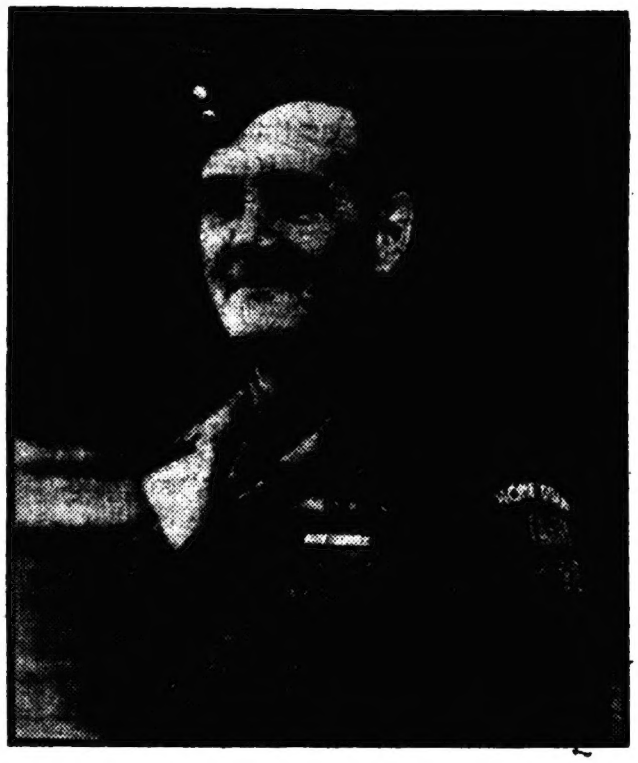
In their dilemma, they called in legal experts. But the experts told them that, iniquitous though it may be, the law is—well, the law. So nothing could be done.

The manse has now reverted to the landowner's executors. The descendants of the thrifty silk weavers have lost everything they spent on the church manse.

They are now paying rent for the property which has been taken—and taken legally—from them.

The Stonehouse Leaseholders' Association took the matter up with Lord Dunglass, their Member of Parliament. His Lordship has been very painstaking and sympathetic, but he has met with all the customary Parliamentary snags where leasehold law is concerned.

So the Association went further. Facing the problem that hundreds of houses built in like circumstances will become liable to similar treatment during



Moelwyn Hughes, K.C., M.P., has raised the subject of Leasehold Law in Parliament, but holds out no hope of reform till after the war

the next year or so, they circularised *every* Member of Parliament.

Six hundred and fifteen in all. They received just six replies!

Hamstrung by the Law

It is worth recording the names of those who showed interest in the plight of Stonehouse's leaseholders: Mr. Rhys J. Davies (Labour, Westhoughton); Lord Dunglass (Conservative, Lanark); Mr. T. Fraser (Labour, Hamilton); Mr. R. Moelwyn Hughes, K.C., (Labour, Carmarthen); Mr. Geoffrey Hutchinson, K.C. (Conservative, Ilford); Sir Herbert Williams (Conservative, Croydon).

In an endeavour to settle the future of the homes of which the leases will fall in shortly, some are already trying to arrange preliminary terms. One man, to give a typical case, who has only a short period to go, may have to "meet the situation" by agreeing to an increase from £1 1s. 10d. to £6.

In the years he has held the lease he has spent over £450 on his property. If he had not agreed to this rise he would have lost the property altogether. In another case an increase from 8s. 10d. to £10 has been suggested!

Mr. Tom Johnston, Secretary of State for Scotland, is a humane man whom I know well personally. When he heard of the Stonehouse scandal he asked that representatives of the Leaseholders' Association should meet him.

With the assistance of the Lord-Advocate and the Solicitor-General for Scotland he went into their difficulties most carefully. But he could do nothing. Until the law is altered, he said, any official action was impossible.

On the advice of Mrs. Jean Mann, well-known advocate of rent and housing reforms, the people of Stonehouse sent a deputation to the Scottish Housing Advisory Committee.

After a patient and lengthy hearing, the Chairman (Major Broun Lindsay, D.S.O., J.P.) agreed to draw the attention of the appropriate authorities to "the injustices that exist."

There was no doubt, he added, that they were enduring a great hardship.

And so the scandal continues. Stonehouse is only one example. Actually, it is greater in England and Wales, for in Scotland the system of land tenure is mostly different. Leaseholds there are seldom met with, the usual holding of land being a feu (which, roughly, is a leasehold that never reverts to the overlord).

House Sold Over His Head

Here is an extract from my postbag:

"Once again JOHN BULL has rendered a *real* service to leaseholders all over the country by opening their eyes as to what can befall them when their leases expire.

"Since 1936 a tenant's agent I know was instructed to try to get a lease renewed—a sixty-year-old lease expiring on Lady Day, 1944—or to get a price quoted for the freehold.

"Several times application was made, but not until January of this year did the tenant receive any information from the estate office. He was then informed that the house had been sold to the owner of the adjoining property on the expiration of the lease."

For sixty years the tenant had paid ground rent, had built his house on the land, kept his property in repair—only to find that everything had been sold over his head.

In another instance a little cottage was built on a small piece of land taken on a twenty-one years' lease. When the lessee applied for a renewal he was asked to pay eight times as much ground rent as was previously charged. Otherwise he would have had his property seized and sold.

For generations Members of Parliament have asked questions in the House of Commons about this problem without getting any satisfaction. In the late Earl Lloyd George's early days the subject formed part of his first election address.

Mr. Moelwyn Hughes, K.C., M.P., who is a great authority on leasehold injustices, is one of many Members of Parliament with whom I have discussed this subject. He has raised it time and again in Parliament and elsewhere. "But I doubt," he said to me the other day, "whether we shall be able to get anything done until after the war."

I agree with the view, expressed by the many Members of Parliament and other land experts with whom I have discussed this leasehold problem, that it is too big to be dealt with by any private Member alone. In fairness to both landlord and tenant, carefully considered amendments of long-established and antiquated laws are necessary. They must be introduced by the Government itself.

Action Needed Now

So many successive Governments have shunned the problem that, first of all, a committee of inquiry composed of experts should be set up to probe the matter from top to bottom.

In the meantime, the appointment of local arbitration boards to examine the conditions under which leases were originally granted and to consider expiry conditions and values where complaint is well founded, would do much to assist people likely to be victimised.

To go back to Stonehouse and the end of the committee meeting at which I examined a large file of documentary evidence and minutely vetted all the facts. Several members escorted me on the first stage of my journey back to Glasgow, and one of them said to me as a final word: "We cannot effect changes alone. We want to appeal through JOHN BULL for any associations like ours to join us in the common cause."

WILLIAM J. GAGE.

Sequel to Pembroke Dock Case

RECENTLY I related in JOHN BULL grim facts about the leasehold laws as they affected families living in Pembroke Dock, South Wales.

At the request of the Pembroke Dock Leaseholders' Association I made special investigations in the district; 1,500 families, whose homes were built on thrift in times of difficulty and privation, were suddenly faced with the loss of their property unless they agreed, and agreed at once, to the landowner's demands.

When their leases expired, they had been told by the landowner's agent that if heavy increases were not met forthwith their property might be seized and sold.

One typical case was that of a house-owner whose ground rent of 30s. a year was to be raised to £16.

The publicity given in JOHN BULL to the plight of those families resulted in the issue of a notice by the landowner's agent that he was no longer selling the property.

The minds of many of the Pembroke townsfolk were set at rest and much ground for complaint has since been removed. But a number of them went to the trouble and expense of having their property specially valued in order to make hurried proposals to the landowner before the threatened sale took place.

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

MARTYRDOM OF HOLLA

by A. G. Gardiner

IN THE GREAT, fluid, chaotic ruin that Hitler has made of Europe the martyrdom of Holland stands out in tragic isolation. Not even Poland, or Norway, France or Belgium has suffered such irreparable disaster as that which has befallen the heroic Dutch nation. Time will heal their wounds. Can it heal Holland's?

When in that Spring night five years ago Hitler struck his felon blow at Rotterdam, his target was this country.

With the great deltas of the Low Countries in his hands he would, in Napoleon's phrase, hold a pistol at the heart of England.

He believed that he could seize that pistol with one act of terror and that he would sweep the Dutch into the Nazi net like a shoal of herrings.

Hitler Did Not Know The Dutch

It was one of his capital blunders. It ignored the whole history of the brave people who broke the power of Spain in the sixteenth century, and whose industry, genius and passionate independence had snatched their land from the ravages of the sea and converted it into the most prosperous, enlightened and tolerant of the countries of Europe.

Hitler occupied Holland, but he never conquered its people. The more he turned the screw of his malice upon them, the more stubborn became their resistance.

The infamous Seiss Inquart was sent to bludgeon them into subjection. They were starved and plundered. They were rounded up in droves and driven to slave for the barbarians in the factories and furnaces of Germany.

They Cheered Too Soon

But neither hunger, nor fear, nor bereavement could break their dauntless spirit. And when, after four years of agony, the Normandy landing brought the dawn of deliverance, they leapt to action.

As one great act of liberation succeeded another they threw prudence to the winds.

Paris had fallen on August 23, Brussels on September 3.

Final victory was thought to be only a few weeks, perhaps only a few days off.

And when the news that Breda in North Brabant had been liberated, the floodgates of national emotion burst. Crowds, drunk with joy, filled the streets in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in The Hague and Haarlem.

Orange dresses, long prepared for the day of liberation, made the streets gay with the colour of victory. The sky was alive with flags. On the main roads men and women stood for hours waiting for the arrival of the first British tanks which, it was said, had been seen in Rotterdam that morning.

German soldiers who roared past in lorries were booed, and answered with hand grenades hurled into the midst of the crowds.

Tragedy at Arnhem

Alas, the madness of that "Mad Tuesday" was premature. The great rivers had still to be crossed. The marvellous leap at Arnhem for a moment seemed to have conquered those barriers, and again hope leapt to the zenith. The end of the long travail had certainly come.

Under that impulse Holland struck with all its might. A general railway strike was declared and all traffic was brought to a standstill.

The whole Dutch Civil Service embarked on a widespread campaign of sabotage. The underground movement burst into flames.

The Germans retaliated with terrifying savagery. Railwaymen were shot. Others rounded up and deported. Houses were burned; villages razed to the ground. Streets were cordoned off and men were hunted by the S.S. like rats.

Tens of thousands of men from 17 to 50 were whisked off to slave for the tyrant Power.

And with the withdrawal from Arnhem hope of immediate rescue vanished. A winter more terrible than anything that had gone before had to be faced.

It was a winter without food, without heat, without light. A winter, too, haunted by a devil now released from all restraints.

The Terror set in with redoubled fury, and malignity. It took four main forms, but its two chief weapons have been famine and flood.

Flood and Famine

Using the railway strike as their excuse, the Germans have disclaimed all responsibility for feeding, or letting supplies reach, the 7,000,000 people north of the Rhine.

All transport is used solely for the German Army. Every bicycle and nearly every horse has been commandeered.

To intensify the famine the Germans have raided wholesale and retail stocks, and the larger flour mills at Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Utrecht have all been plundered to supply the robber Power.

With the food rations cut down by Seiss Inquart to one-fifth of normal needs, and with entire lack of adequate heat and clothing, the fate of Holland this winter may be conceived. What it has meant in actual mortality can only be guessed. What it means in regard to the health of the future generation can only be feared.

The Holland that was is summed up in this pict
children, running from their village school in Z
in. Now the Dutch are the worst hit of all

No less shocking than this organised famine is the policy of destroying Holland as a going concern.

Throughout this winter great belts of land running parallel to the coast from the Rhine delta to the Zuyder Zee, and large areas in the delta itself, have been flooded by salt water.

And at the time of writing nearly half Holland is threatened by the preparations for the demolition of the dykes.

Policy of Destruction

Whether this awful crime has been perpetrated or has been averted by the speed of our movement we do not yet know. The future of Holland for many years is dependent upon that fact.

And it is not only by the destruction of the soil of Holland that Germany has sought to prevent the recovery of the country. With diabolical malice she has taken steps to destroy her industrial power.

After Arnhem special demolition troops numbering 6,000 were sent to Rotterdam to destroy the docks, cranes, and all other port installations. And in Amsterdam, Schiedam and other centres of industry the same work of destruction has been actually carried out or provisionally arranged to be carried out.

As with the flooding, this policy of industrial destruction is designed to impoverish the country for the future.

In the face of the universal wreckage which Germany is leaving behind all over Europe, it is difficult to stress particular regions. But it will be seen that there are

AND

is picture of happy, well-fed and sparkling clean
ol in Zeeland just before the Germans marched
of all the war's victims in Western Europe

special grounds why the Tragedy of Holland should not be overlooked.

The most obvious is that in destroying the soil which Holland has so heroically snatched from the sea the enemy has robbed her of the first condition of survival and recovery.

The other is that the famine she shares in common with all Europe is more acute because, while other victims have been liberated, the mass of her population have had to suffer the hardships of a fifth winter of aggravated bondage and privation.

So far as the immediate need is concerned, something has been done for the child victims of the tragedy; but it is a drop in the bucket. Hundreds of little ones have been rescued from their grim fate and are housed in the camp near Coventry.

But the need is measured not by hundreds but by thousands. And it is not limited to the young. The old are perishing too.

Europe Needs a Robust Holland

And through Lord Templewood's Help Holland Council (105,-109, Strand, London, W.C.2) all can do something to help the heroic people who have done so much for the civilisation of Europe and the world in the past, and whose sufferings constitute so imperative a claim on the mercy of mankind to-day.

As for the future, it is for the Allies to see that Germany's attempt to wipe this brave people off the map of Europe is defeated.

She must disgorge the loot that she has gathered in the five iniquitous years, and she must make good in kind the territorial losses that her flooding crimes have inflicted on her outraged neighbour.

This Europe cannot do without a robust and resurrected Holland.

The Archbishop's Job

The ninety-seventh Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, will be enthroned on April 17 when Geoffrey Francis Fisher takes his place on the Chair of St. Augustine in Canterbury Cathedral

"MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES." Rarely indeed has public life seen so striking an example of this ancient truth as in those events which have led up to the appointment of a new Archbishop of Canterbury.

When William Temple went to the job in 1942 there was a widespread hope, as well as a general expectation, that he would be able to continue in it for a long while. And it was said that Cosmo Lang, his predecessor, resigned when he did in order that Dr. Temple should be able to get his hands on the main features of the task before the full arrival of those post-war problems which will affect the Church of England as well as many other bodies.

Yet, within two years—and due as much as anything to overwork—Dr. Lang's successor lay dead. It remained for those whose concern it is to appoint a successor.

They—and the "they" includes Mr. Churchill as Prime Minister, who has now had to nominate two Archbishops in four years—have decided on Geoffrey Francis Fisher, born the youngest son of a clergyman who was once Rector of Higham-on-the-Hill, Nuneaton.

Statesman and Administrator

The position is a difficult one to fill. It calls for an astonishing variety of abilities.

An Archbishop of Canterbury has to be an orator, used to facing great audiences of all kinds. He has to be a statesman, in so far as his personal policy and public duties touch the public life of his time, as they do and must do.

As an administrator he has a double function. He has to administer the affairs of his own diocese of Canterbury, and at the same time to deal with those of that enormously wider field represented by the Church of England in general.

In addition, he is the representative for the world-wide contacts of the Church in the mission field, as well as in the diplomatic and political contacts which the Christian religion and its representatives have with many of the world's great Powers.

He has to be a whole Government in himself—his own Prime Minister, Foreign Minister, and Home Secretary. However, Dr. Fisher, who has appointed J. W. Welch, B.B.C. Director of Religious Broadcasting, to be one of his advisers, will be assisted by a slightly larger staff than his predecessors. He must even, let it be added, be his own Chancellor of the Exchequer.

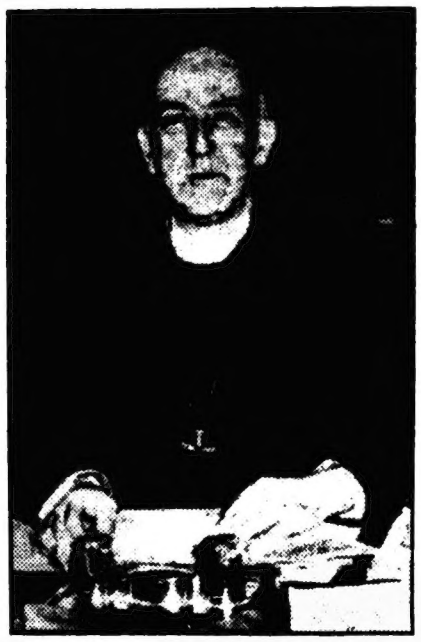
Dr. Fisher's Qualifications

Above all, perhaps, he needs physical vigour, an iron constitution, and he should be young enough to be still flexible.

What are the facts about the man who has been chosen to fill the position?

Is he young enough? Dr. Fisher, at fifty-seven, is a young Archbishop.

Is he strong enough? He gives



Can Dr. Fisher give the modern world a living faith?

the impression of being a man of great force.

Is he an orator? That, perhaps, remains to be seen. His clear-cut microphone personality is already known to many.

Has he sufficient first-hand knowledge of the common people to direct the affairs of a great Church which has, as one of its most vital present-day tasks, the re-establishment of a lost contact with such folk? Some sections of the Press have suggested that half a lifetime spent in a public school is not much qualification.

But the criticism is not well-founded. The same point could have been made against the Socialist William Temple, who, as a matter of fact, was Headmaster of the same school as Fisher later went to, yet abounded in knowledge of and concern for the common man.

As an administrator, there can be no doubt that Dr. Fisher stands in the very first rank. It was as a great administrator that he came to London, as its Bishop in 1939, in order to wrestle with the problems of reorganisation in that immense diocese.

He Looks Forward

His intellectual powers—those mental qualities without which it would be impossible to meet the demands of the job—are without a doubt very great. At Exeter College, Oxford, in the early years of this century, he had a brilliant career.

During the time from then until his appointment as Bishop of Chester in 1932 he was, first, assistant master at the public school of Marlborough, and later headmaster for many years at Repton.

It is perhaps because Dr. Fisher has thus spent so many years rather out of the general run of public affairs that it is difficult to make a prophecy from the past as to what his policy will be in the future. But already there are indications that he will be no more content than William Temple was with things as they are, both in the Church and in the religious affairs of the nation.

When, as Bishop of London, he handed over his palace and income to the diocese in return for a fixed salary and much homelier living conditions, he made a move in a direction which many have wanted to see the Church make for a long time past.

He has also shown himself very ready to co-operate with other religious bodies towards the furthering of what surely should be their main aim of bringing the realities of God more directly home to the average man.

Age-old Ceremony

As for his personal life, Dr. Fisher is the father of six sons, four of them in the Army. Mrs. Fisher is known already as an able co-operator with her husband in the women's work of the Church.

One thing must strike us as odd about the past career of the new Archbishop, who will preside over the destinies of many thousands of parish clergymen. This is that he has never been one himself.

However, he is by no means the first prelate of whom that could be said. Nor, perhaps, will he be the last, since the Church, as a general rule, does not seem to select its officers from its own rank and file.

This somewhat stern-faced ex-schoolmaster will already be No. 97 in the long list of Canterbury's Archbishops when he wakes up on the morning of his Enthronement.

Already, because at a brief ceremony, in St. Paul's, of confirmation of his appointment—an affair enlivened this time by the interruption of a protester—he has been invested with the temporal powers of a Primate's office.

And so, with antique pomp and circumstance, loaded with the heavy vestments of a Primate of All England, Geoffrey Francis Fisher will cross well-worn yellow gravel from the iron gates of his house to the wooden west door of his Cathedral.

Then, as these doors open, disclosing a vista of arch and pillar for sheer beauty perhaps not exceeded anywhere in the world, trumpets will sound a fanfare, and the Archbishop, at the rear of a brilliant procession, and with the "Red" Dean of Canterbury, Hewlett Johnson, on his right, and the Archdeacon of Canterbury on his left, will slowly walk the length of the enormous building.

Royal tombs, priceless carvings that have lain quiet behind blast walls for nearly six years will blaze again their traditional splendour, though the long job of replacing world-famous stained glass has yet to be faced.

Drawn from its hiding-place will be the peculiar Chair of Augustine, a stone seat so old that no one knows how old it is. Taking his place in it, Dr. Fisher will follow the custom of centuries of his predecessors.

Tough Proposition

Maybe their ghosts will be present. Not many of them in life can have faced a much tougher job than his. For the reality behind this business of enthroning an Archbishop is not stained glass and ancient splendours.

The reality is a modern world—typified by the keen, listening ears of microphones which engineers will hide among Canterbury's stonework for the big day—a modern world in vital need of a living faith.

Is it going to get one? Not the least of those figures to which his country will look for an answer is Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury.

W. E. PURCELL.

JOHN BULL Short Story

THE DOG KNEW BEST

You've read of families going hungry in the North of England—so long as "t' whippet" is well fed. Here's an account of one such household

by ALEC SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW

"Come on, Joe!" said my dad, urgently, and wriggled through the hedge on to the canal bank

"'ERE," INSTRUCTED MY MOTHER tersely, "give t' dog 'is dinner." She scraped all that was left on our plates together in one heap, added a bone, and gave the mess into my hands. Charlie-boy, our greyhound, whimpered eagerly at my heels and followed me into the scullery.

So did my father. "Don't feed t' dog, lad," he whispered anxiously.

"Eh?" I said. Suddenly I understood I was only a youngster, but dad and I were going racing, and Charlie-boy must fast until it was over.

"Shall I lap it into a paper for 'im dad?" I asked.

"Aye."

My mother was busy with the dishes when we reached for our caps, humming carelessly. Too carelessly.

"Where are you goin'?" she asked sharply.

"Taking t' dog a walk, love," replied my dad, "Me an' our Joe."

"See our Joe laps up warm," she answered, and said no more.

We congratulated ourselves silently on having escaped. Once clear of the house my dad pulled Charlie's blue and red coat out of his pocket and strapped it to the animal.

"This wind's killing," he observed, "an' that dog's got no food in 'im to keep 'im warm. Just wait until 'e sees that 'are!"

This was the Saturday afternoon for which we waited. To match Charlie-boy against the other back-street greyhounds of the neighbourhood in the field by the canal towpath, to see him dart hither and thither like grey lightning after the hare poached from a country estate—this was sport.

We reached the field by a secret way. Already in my nine years I had learned that if we were to race dogs we went by roundabout routes.

WE ARRIVED and wriggled through a hole in the hedge to join a crowd of folk and dogs. The men were mostly our own kind, wearing caps and mufflers.

The children were lads like myself, some older, none younger. The dogs were sleek, fawning, hungry, and immaculate with their long, agile limbs, thin bodies and delicate muzzles.

I helped dad to rub the stringy muscles of Charlie-boy's legs, and then walked him up and down the length of the field as other lads and men were doing. A man in a trilby hat stopped me and felt Charlie-boy from nose to tail with quick, knowing fingers.

"Two-year-old?" he guessed.

"Yessir." I continued on my way. When I got back to our pitch my dad was having words with Biff Smith, the breeder.

"Charlie-boy's too good for yon," he said, pointing with disdain at a greyhound trussed like a fowl in its own tethering rope. "I'm not letting him out only to good blood."

"Keep your damned dog," said Biff, and loped off.

We went to have a look at the hare, swelling with quick, frightened breaths.

"There's your Sunday dinner, God willing, Joe," said my dad.

More people arrived and betting began. My dad bet a shilling to win on our Charlie-boy, and so did many others. There was a row in which two men began on the bookies. My dad had his coat half off when I tugged him back.

Somehow it was all settled and the dogs were brought into line, each one getting a last-minute massage. There were nine of them, lovely creatures, but our Charlie-boy was by far the best. They shivered and whined, little ripples like waves running under the satin skin.

The hare was released and away they went, sharp as light, streaking after the yellow prey.

"Get 'im, Charlie-boy!" I shouted. My dad twisted his muffler in his fingers and watched.

Charlie-boy left the others cold. There was never any doubt about it.

Somebody netted the hare and it was rescued alive. This was to make the race last for three heats, if possible, and give everybody more sport for their money. I called Charlie-boy with a special whistling and put my coat round him and rubbed him down.

IN THE SECOND heat Charlie-boy was in the lead again, but, redoubling after the hare, he was attacked by Long John, a big white dog. He defended himself and they were having a fine scrap by the time the hare was netted for the second time. My dad's eyes were anxious as Charlie-boy came back, bleeding.

Again Charlie-boy was massaged ready for the third and last heat.

"Good lad! good lad!" I encouraged Charlie-boy, but my words meant nothing to him. My dad knelt on one knee, patted him, and the dog tensed with life.

"Get it, Charlie-boy," he said, and gave another pat.

Away they shot. My eyes could hardly follow the flying dogs and bounding prey. Charlie-boy snapped and just missed. There was a hiss of sharply released breath by the crowd of watchers.

CHARLIE-BOY'S LEGS were crossing in his speed. Snap went his teeth and he had the hare by the hind leg. Over it went on to its back wriggling. I whistled and Charlie-boy stopped dead, as he had been trained. Somebody rushed and got the hare away, when a shrill shout went up from a small boy by the gate.

"Police!"

"Come on, Joe!" said my dad, urgently, and wriggled through the hedge on to the canal bank.

"What about Charlie-boy?"

"'E's seen us an' 'e'll come 'ome."

We crossed a bridge and broke into another field, running under cover of the hedge. Panting, we arrived home.

"What's up?" asked my mother suspiciously.

"Nowt," answered my dad. "It's cold an' we've bin runnin'. 'As Charlie-boy come 'ome?"

"No." My mother surveyed us blankly. "Lost t' dog?" she asked.

"No. 'E'll come," said my dad uneasily.

But he hadn't come by midnight. We were out a dozen times looking, even back to the racing field.

"I suppose you'll go to t' police?" asked my mother next morning.

"'Ow can I?" grumbled my father. "I'm not supposed to 'ave a dog. I don't pay no licence."

"Well, I'll go, even if it means being fined." In terrible silence my mother tied a scarf round her head and put on her coat. "You damn fool!" she shot over her shoulder.

But the police could not help. Charlie-boy had disappeared. I cried myself to sleep often after that.

JUST OVER A YEAR later my father went to London as a craftsman to do a special job for the linoleum factory where he worked.

After he had been gone a fortnight mother and I went, too, gaping at all the things that were so different from home.

One Saturday afternoon I got separated from my mother in the crowds and was brought home by a policeman.

"Well, it's no good lookin' for 'er," said dad philosophically, "an' I don't feel like wastin' my afternoon off so come on."

"Where are we goin', dad?" I asked.

"You'll see," he said, and firmly took hold of my hand. "If we meet your mother," he whispered, "don't let on."

We arrived at a dog-racing track. It had an electric hare, and I couldn't see the fun of it without a dog of my own in the race.

"Come an' look at the kennels," invited my dad. That, I thought, was something worth seeing.

An eager whine came to my ears.

"Dad!" I pulled him by the hand. "Here's Charlie-boy!"

"Don't be daft!" He moved on, but the dog was looking eagerly after him, whimpering feverishly.

"It *is* Charlie-boy!" I said, catching up my dad.

"Greyhounds all look alike," he said. "Come on! I want to make a bet."

"What'll you bet on, dad?" I asked, looking back at the eager muzzle strained against the netting behind me.

"I fancy 'White Prince.'"

We sat high up against a hoarding, waiting for the start. White Prince wore a black coat with a number eight on it. I was more interested in the grey dog wearing yellow and bearing number five.

There was no mistaking the fastest dog in this kind of racing, for the hare could not redouble. Round and round it whirled. The yellow-coated grey led.

This was popular with the crowd and they cheered hysterically every time the grey flash passed. But "White Prince" was my dad's dog, and carrying his three shillings.

I began to scheme for him. If the grey *was* Charlie-boy he would answer my special whistling. Then the white would be first and my dad would win.

I waited until the animals came into view on our stretch of track, put my

fingers in my mouth, and let out a strong, shrill blast. The grey stopped dead and stood, with one paw upraised. The crowd gasped as the others passed and left him alone.

I whistled again, and, with an eager whine, he leapt the barrier and streaked up towards us.

An attendant was already running up. "Come back, you devil!" he shouted, slipping muzzle and lead on our Charlie-boy.

My dad stood up. "Take your hands off my dog," he commanded.

The man turned and stared. "Your dog?" he asked in surprise. "This is 'Thor the Second,' owned by Mr. Bruce Denby. Come on, boy!"

But my dad clenched his right fist.

"That's my dog," he said dangerously, "and you can send Mr. Bruce Denby to me if he wants to argue."

The attendant disappeared. There was little else he could do with my dad in that mood. But he came back in a few minutes with two policemen and an angry, red-faced man in tweeds.

"Now what's all this?" asked one of the constables shortly.

MY MOTHER SCREAMED as she arrived back at our lodgings and saw Charlie-boy.

"Where did you get him?" she asked.

My dad told the story. "I told 'em when 'e got t' dog," he recounted, "an' I told 'em 'ow. Our Joe even recognised t' trainer as 'avin' bin on t' field where 'e last raced. This Denby feller was proper copped 'avin' 'is right 'and man showed up as a dog thief.

"Anyway, he asked t' police to go, an' we got to talkin' business. They must 'a made thousands on 'im, for they were terrible anxious not to lose 'im. At t' finish they offered me five 'undred pounds for our Charlie-boy."

There was silence. My mother was stroking the dog's head, a half-smile playing about her lips.

"Annie," my dad spoke again. "'ave I to sell 'im?"

The silence was long. I turned away to the window.

My mother spoke at last. "Sell 'im?" she said, as though not hearing arjght. "I should think not! What would we do with five 'undred pounds? You'd drink it away in the 'Three Bells' and we'd still 'ave no Charlie-boy!"

I laughed and sobbed all in one breath.

She went on: "Me an' our Joe'll take 'im 'ome with us on Monday where 'e belongs," she continued. "And this time we'll 'ave a licence for 'im."

"We seem to be all at sea in this office"

Most babies love the sun. But babies born in summer, according to Professor Miles, are not likely to be so clever as those born in winter or Spring

What Weather Can Do To You

A scientist and two rats have proved how man is affected by climate

THEIR NAMES WERE Ivan and Hilda, although they were a pair of white rats. But many of their functions resembled those of human beings closely enough to bring to light some remarkable facts.

Ivan demonstrated that we use more energy in climbing a flight of stairs in January than we do in August.

Hilda showed that cancer is far more likely to develop in cold or temperate climates than in hot.

Ivan solved some tricky problems in a cold cage which he could not even face in a warm one.

This was only a small beginning to a remarkable new theory which first linked health and energy with climate. It not only went on to link character and climate, but finally concluded that most of the people who appear in "Who's Who," were born in the winter or Spring!

Clarence A. Mills, the author of a recently published book, *Climate Makes the Man* (*Gollancz, 7s. 6d.*), completely justifies his title.

Rodent Reactions

The drama of the two rats, Ivan and Hilda, began quietly when their reactions to heat and cold were tested. "To grow, to digest food, to run and climb . . . all these require energy whose sole source is the burning of food in the body cells," says Professor Mills.

For every unit of heat used as energy, three other heat units have to be eliminated from the body. In a fairly cool environment, Ivan and Hilda threw off their three units of heat and ate and lived lustily. But in a tropical atmosphere they ate less than half the amount of food and grew far less rapidly.

Then one of the rats was put on a specially low diet in a cold cage. Very soon it began to get some original ideas. One night it forced open the door of its cage and stole large quantities of biscuits. It packed the cage with its plunder.

The rat even pushed out its feeding-jar to make more storage room.

When the experimenters inspected the cage next morning they found the rat sound asleep, fully gorged, in one tiny corner of the cage, while the rest was full of biscuits. It repeated this performance a second and third time.

In short, the rat developed something of the industry and ingenuity of people living in cool climates.

Mills says further that thinking burns up food more rapidly than exercising any other part of the body. This is because the tissues of the brain use oxygen and food at a higher rate than any others.

More important still, high-powered thinking seems to occur more frequently in cool climates than in hot.

In another test the rats could only reach extra food by finding their way through a carefully devised maze. A rat raised in a cool temperature found the way through the maze with twelve tries. But another, raised in only moderate warmth, needed twenty-eight tries.

Climate Slowed Napoleon

Professor Clarence A. Mills holds a chair in Experimental Medicine in the University of Cincinnati, U.S.A. He is a brilliant research worker of the highest integrity. He is a man who proceeds scientifically. If speculation enters into the result of an experiment, then it is clearly stated to be speculation.

Some of his more speculative fields of exploration are fascinating.

The influence of temperature on history is one of them. Great events have been strongly influenced by the rise and fall of the thermometer, says Professor Mills. At first sight that may seem hard to believe—but hear Professor Mills out.

It was not only cold which upset Napoleon's Grand Army in Russia, he says.

"No sooner was he on Russian soil than his army became enveloped in the first severe heat-wave of that fatal summer." Men and horses were reduced to such a sluggish condition that they could bring no snap into operations.

There are many other examples. The temperature reached zero in 1789 when the French Revolution broke out. That becomes significant when you remember how Ivan the rat showed that cold stimulates mind and body to action.

Japan's great dream of Empire developed at a time when the country was experiencing a phenomenal cold spell. From 1899 to 1914 in Japan every year was colder than normal. It was in this period that the Japs began to push over their frontiers to threaten China and Russia.

Even the stand the Chinese have made in Chungking, according to Professor Mills' theories, is directly traceable to the readings of the thermometer. The Chinese fell back westwards into the highlands, and the much more invigorating climate there stimulated them to efforts unknown in the lowlands.

This book is not another popular scientific work which exaggerates truth for the sake of effect. But it so happens that wherever you turn you come upon interesting statements.

For instance, "Acute appendicitis attacks are most likely to come when the barometer is falling—so much so that knowing surgeons rather expect an epidemic of cases on such days."

And again, "Few people consider climate a determining factor in cancer occurrence. Animals in our experimental laboratories have . . . indicated that climate may . . . be a factor of major importance."

Few adults like such conditions. But our rigorous climate has largely helped to make Britain a great Power

Hope for English Summers?

This book poses a most interesting question, but, as far as I can trace, gives no effective answer. Climate makes the man—yes, that becomes evident.

But are we in Britain altogether fortunate to have been born in a temperate-cum-cold part of the world? Certainly the stimulation of our environment drove us on to vast industrial enterprise and a highly developed civilisation.

Nevertheless, the intense activity, which we could not avoid, has put strains on the body which have brought about nervous breakdowns, duodenal ulcers, other troubles rarely found in tropical regions.

There is one chance of reconciling this conflict. Scientific analysis of weather records shows that temperatures all over the earth have tended to rise slowly during the last eighty years. The rise has become particularly evident in the last twenty years.

Perhaps, therefore, in time we may enjoy a period when the climate will become better balanced in Britain. Since moods are closely linked with climatic storms and depressions, the weather of the future may offer considerable possibilities in bringing about a state of order and contentment.

VINCENT BROME.

Free Speech

Nothing to Write Home About

Ancient machinery hampers textile output. Trials of a house-hunter. Plea for the young in heart. Chained to a fading war job

FREE SPEECH. A great thing if you can get it. But I am under a threat of a charge for writing a letter discussing my views on politics, "film star" generals and our so-called post-war housing for the heroes to come home to (my own house has been bombed beyond repair).

I have been told that on no account am I to write home voicing complaints.—VOLUNTEER, B.L.A. (Full name and address supplied.)

Shipping Space to Spare?

WE'RE TOLD THERE IS A shortage of timber for the building and furnishing trades. I recently returned from the Gold Coast, and the ship had empty cargo space sufficient to carry material to furnish several homes. The crew said there was nothing unusual about this. West Africa has the timber—soft and hard woods—and cheap labour. Our aim is to help the Colonies. Why not help ourselves at the same time? Why don't we get all the possible timber now?—ARTHUR E. WALKER, 153, Althelstan Road, Clive Vale, Hastings, Sussex.

Economy in War Time

I ASKED AT several shops for boys' knickers, size 10. They told me nothing over size 8 was made and advised me to buy a pair of trousers and cut them off at the knees.—J. W. B., Peterborough.

This Machine Age

MY WORK OFTEN TAKES ME into Yorkshire textile factories. I know of many firms which have not installed a single new loom or spinning machine since before 1914. Machinery over 100 years old is still in use in some factories, and the firms are not anxious to scrap the stuff after the war. Can you wonder that the Americans laugh at our textile production figures?—N. C., Wakefield, Yorks.

Short Shortage

A FRIEND OF MINE recently wrote to his local authority asking for an application card to enable him to be put on the waiting list for a post-war council house. In reply, he received a letter stating that because of the paper shortage no application cards were available, but that one would be forwarded to him in due course.—D. GRAHAM, 4, Thicket Road, Sutton, Surrey.

Bullying on the Bus

TWO WOMEN GOT ON THE 'BUS, and one sat in the only vacant seat—next to a young man. The woman who had to stand sailed into the attack. Talking loudly to her friend, she mentioned her husband serving abroad, the dodgers still left at home. Was this what the troops were fighting for? And so on. The young man got up and did what was expected of him. The woman took his seat. But even she blushed as she saw the empty sleeve where his left arm should have been.—MRS. PHILLIPS, 68, Stanhope Gardens, Harringay, N.4.

False Hopes of Homes

DURING THE LAST three months spent in house-hunting, I've managed to keep reasonably cheerful even while inspecting disused cowsheds masquerading as old-world cottages. I have tried to make allowances for the pride of ownership when "matured gardens" have turned out to be cabbage patches with bits of slag heap showing through.

Cupboards with the doors torn down so that they can be described as spare bedrooms have left me charitable in mind and still smiling. But lately I've begun to lose my temper with the scores of house agents who keep their boards up for weeks after a house has been let. Of all the mean, time-wasting tricks, this is the worst.—J. MCMANUS, Baker Street, W.1.

Chance for Sound Schooling

I LIKE LYN ARNOLD'S article on education—or most of it (JOHN BULL, March 31). I like her brief, biting summary of the history of popular education in this country. I like her definition of what the aims of education should be.

But is she quite fair to the teachers? Burdened by large classes, out-of-date buildings, and inadequate equipment, they have done a fine job. After all, the lads and lasses in the Services, in the fields and factories, who are winning the war, are for the most part the products of our elementary schools.

The new Act gives us a chance to get a sound schooling for John and Mary. It doesn't abolish the Public Schools, but it gives the go-ahead authority a chance to draw level with them. Parents and teachers must join forces to see that it works.—G. C. T. GILES, President, National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, W.C.1.

Marriage Recipes

YOUR READER who suggested (JOHN BULL, March 4) that happy married life depended on a couple getting right away from all relatives and friends was talking selfish nonsense. What happens in cases of illness? What happens, as in my case, when the husband has to go off to fight?

No matter how wonderful your married life may have been, an empty chair does not compete with the company of friends and relatives. And, surely, some of us want to do good turns as well as have them done to us.—MRS. J. KING, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

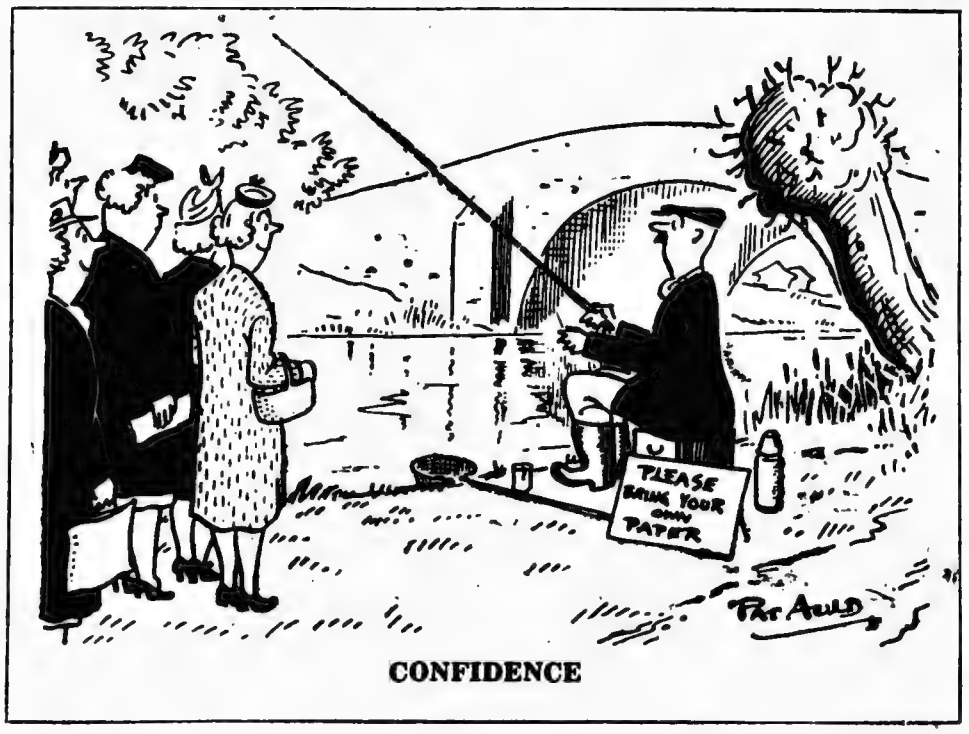
I HAVE BEEN MARRIED fifty-one years and can give you a recipe for happy marriage. For four years before we married we were courting. It was such a happy time that I decided to go on courting my husband—and I have.

We have brought up a family of five on a working-man's wages. We have had our troubles and hardships. I started to work when I was eight and am still working, but it's all been grand and I have no regrets. Never stop courting.—MRS. J. RICHARDSON, 116, Anlaby Park Road, Hull.

Spit and Polish

MOST FELLOWS GRUMBLE about spit and polish in the Army. But secretly most of them like it. It gives them something to do without exercising their brains.

Sometimes they do a little bit extra in order to impress the officers. The officers *are* impressed and get all the men to do the same. So things are sometimes carried a bit too far through the fault of the men themselves—L/BDR. J. A., Royal Artillery (full address supplied).



CONFIDENCE

Forget Your Age

WHAT A PITY the date of our birth has to be put on our birth certificates. How much better it would be if we did not know our real age. No need for a woman to reject a proposal from a man ten years younger. Youth clubs would be open to everyone who was youthful in heart. And no one could tell you to "be your age."—Miss H. HANSON, 3, Thorburn Street, Liverpool.

Dr. Barnardo: An Example

WHEN I WORKED with the late Dr. T. J. Barnardo at Stepney Causeway in the East End of London, he had scores of little children boarded out in different parts of the country. These boys and girls were visited regularly by magistrates, clergymen and other local persons of standing.

During the three years I spent with this famous friend of helpless children, I do not recall a single case of cruelty on the part of foster-parents. The most searching inquiries were always made if there was even a trifling complaint from a visitor.—REGINALD MILLER, 8, Limpsfield Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Typists "Demobbed" Last

AFTER THREE YEARS in a Ministry of Aircraft Production office, I was told that we were soon to close down. I heard of another good job, and asked my employer about releasing me. I was told that typists were not to be freed until the last, and that my application would be opposed.

Since then I have done about three full days' work spread over the week. If I left the other typists could easily cope with the work. Not only my time, but my chances of another job are being wasted.—MISS M. B., Northampton.

Speech Between Nations

WE ENGLISH ARE supposed not to be good at languages. We don't get much chance, do we? After the war, every school should foster international feeling by teaching two languages chosen from French, Spanish, German and Italian. Higher forms might add a more difficult language, such as Russian or Arabic.—J. ADAMS, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

Suited by Civvy Suit

THERE HAVE BEEN so many jokes about the issue of civvy suits for ex-Service men that I was eager to see them for myself. Then I met two lads discharged from the R.A.F.

If my next suit is as good as theirs I shall be satisfied. One of them was a university chap, so I don't think he would have been pleased with trash.—W. ROBERTS, Ivy Cottage, Great Barrow, near Chester.

Hard Lines

AN OLD CHAP in our battery—he is nearly sixty—drives the water truck. He was caught giving a lift to two of his pals by our battery commander and was told to write out 1,000 times: "I must not have three riding in the front of my truck." Please don't give my name and address or I shall be getting some "homework" myself.—"GUNNER," C.M.F.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Child's Guide to War Crimes

"WHAT'S A WAR CRIMINAL, Daddy?"

"Eh? War criminal? A man who started the war, my boy. Or helped to keep it going."

"Is Hitler a war criminal?"

"Yes. And Goering and Goebbels."

"Is Hess a war criminal, Daddy?"

"H-r-r-rm. He's . . . there are some things you wouldn't understand."

"Is General Franco a war criminal?"

"Er, no, of course, not. Spain is neutral and General Franco has always been on the winning side."

"DADDY, WERE THERE ANY war criminals in Germany before the war?"

"Ha, ha! Of course not."

"Where was Hitler then, Daddy?"

"In Germany. He was Chancellor of the Third Reich."

"Did we like Hitler then, Daddy?"

"Er—h-r-r-m. We—er—he built up Germany, my boy. Put the people to work. Increased trade. Revived industry."

"What did 'guns before butter' mean, Daddy?"

"Er—— Oh, that was a clever way of saying that the Germans ought to be ready to put fighting before food."

"But, Daddy, if we knew they were getting ready to fight, why did we still like Hitler?"

"Hum, ah—go and play with the model Spitfire I gave you yesterday."

"WOULD HITLER HAVE BEEN able to make guns if we hadn't liked him, Daddy?"

"Run along now. You're too young to understand, my boy. International trade is a very complicated business."

"Did international trade mean trade with Germany, Daddy?"

"Naturally there were pre-war tie-ups between armament and chemical manufacturers. You couldn't expect them to go back on their word just because a war had broken out."

"Did these tie-ups help Germany to bomb us, Daddy?"

"I haven't time to talk now. Go and play with your nice Spitfire."

"But, Daddy, where did Hitler get the money to make guns and bombs and rockets?"

"It's too much for your little head, my boy. Certain financial houses will lend money to countries just like I might lend you some money. Then the borrowed money is used to make goods for export and so pay back the loan."

"But, Daddy, the guns were for Hitler to keep, not for export."

"TCHA! YOU DON'T understand. Suppose I lend you some money and you use it to make a model Spitfire that you sell to your friend Tommy. . . ."

"Yes but suppose I make a gun and point it at you and take all the rest of your money. . . ."

"Eh? Disgraceful suggestion! That wouldn't be cricket."

"Does Hitler play cricket, Daddy?"

"What nonsense!"

"How did Hitler get the iron and steel to make guns, Daddy?"

"Trade was open to free competition and enterprise in those days."

"You deal in metal, Daddy—did you sell Hitler any?"

"I'm pleased to say I secured a very good order for non-ferrous metals as late as 1939."

"Daddy, will they hang the men who helped Hitler to make the war?"

"I hope so, my boy."

"Will they hang you, Daddy?"

TOM JOHNSTON Leads Scotland to Prosperity

The Rt. Hon. Thomas Johnston, Secretary of State for Scotland, Labour M.P. for West Stirlingshire, was born 61 years ago in Kirkintilloch. A Scotsman who dislikes London, he comes to Westminster to get things done. His achievements for the good of his country are a challenge to the Sassenach

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND, AS SEEN BY GEORGE WHITELAW

WHY WAS IT that Tom Johnston, alone among the Socialist leaders, has confessed: "In difficult times ahead it might pay the country better to maintain national unity for some time to come," and warned the Parties that they may live to regret their sharpening of the swords of political partisanship?

The answer is to be found in his own success as a Minister. He is the best Secretary of State that Scotland has ever had.

Yet, when Parliament dissolves, he is retiring! He did not want the job. He accepted office only because the Premier said "It is your duty." Even then he refused to draw his Cabinet salary.

Tom does not like London. He hates the long, but necessary, journeys from the Scots capital to Westminster.

And he has no personal ambition. Otherwise, had he been a few years younger, he might have become a Prime Minister.

Labour's quarrel with the Tories in the Government is the backwardness and lack of vision in post-war planning. Johnston, who holds in his own hands in Scotland, powers that would be divided in England into several Departments, started on it directly he was appointed in 1941.

Clan Opposed Clan

He looked on a Scotland that had been landlord-ridden for centuries, a country that was depopulated because it had sent its best and bravest to British possessions overseas and from which, because of the poverty at home, Scotsmen had poured into England.

He saw fighting sect and clan opposing clan, still remembering the old days of warfare. Scotland was a turbulent of commotion and strife.

"How best can I get co-operation among warring sects?" he asked himself.

Among the many problems was the appalling housing. Generation after generation had failed to find a solution. It was too large and fundamental a problem for mere partisan strife.

So, as a first move, Tom formed a Council of State, composed of all the former Secretaries for Scotland—Sir John Colville, Col. Walter Elliot, Mr. Ernest Brown, Lord Alness and Sir Archibald Sinclair, men belonging to all three Parties.

600 New Industries

"If I want a house built," he argued, "it won't be a Socialist house, a Liberal house or a Tory house, but just a house.

"Let us, all the Government experts, agree on a Scottish policy. Then, when I approach Whitehall with our agreed-on scheme, I can say: 'I speak for Scotland.'"

Willingly, his predecessors co-operated.

His next step was the formation of a Council of Industry, one made up of representatives of all the Scottish banks, the trade unions, the chambers of commerce and county associations, and the Scottish Development Council.

This he set on the task of using political power to obtain new industries for towns and depleted areas north of the Border.

So, during the last three years, over 600 new industrial enterprises, large and small, and employing a labour force of 85,000, have been permanently located in Scotland.

Next, the task of installing hydro-electrical plants was tackled.

"We must sell our water power," argued Johnston, "and not let it go on running into the sea. Every other country sells it. Why not Scotland?"

Land is No Problem

A £30,000,000 scheme of hydro-electrification was agreed upon with such success that the Secretary of State got it approved unanimously, both in the Lords and the Commons.

"We could never have done that on a Party basis," comments Tom. "Instead, we should have faced hostility from all sorts of vested interests."

The first scheme, the use of the water of Loch Sloy, will so transform a score of miles of barren heatherland that Dumbartonshire will be relieved of 1s. 3d. in the £ on rates.

"It is along those lines that we are moving," was the Secretary of State's comment.

"No, the beauty of the countryside has not been spoiled. There were squeals, years ago, when the railways were first built. Similar complaints, of course, were heard, about our scheme. We expected it

"But we have taken lighting and power into the homes of the crofters."

More, the herring industry, a most valuable food asset, is being modernised and helped. A Hill Sheep Bill will give grants to flock-masters so that they can irrigate and fence their land and so increase their feeding areas that they can winter their sheep at home. Also, it will arrange orderly marketing of the stock for killing instead of continuing the old system of selling in competition on the same market day.

As for housing, an association formed on a non-Party and non-profit basis will provide 100,000 new houses in the next ten years. Already, 35,000 have been completed during the war.

In England, land is still a problem. In Scotland, the authorities have acquired more land than they can build on.

"Ten years ago," says Tom Johnston, "demands for what we have already accomplished would have been looked on as a revolution."

Scots Hens Lay More Eggs

Then, the Labour Party's idea of fair rent courts has been carried into effect. Tribunals set up all over the country deal with complaints of overcharging for "furnished lets," cases where the defence "It's a furnished let" was used to justify an owner putting a carpet or bed into a house and then charging what he liked.

In Glasgow, feeding in the schools has resulted in children leaving school 3 lb. heavier than was the case when war broke out. A waiting-list, in the voluntary hospitals, of 30,000 patients has been wiped out by using hospitals intended for casualties caused by German bombs.

As for crop-raising, these comparative yields per acre in 1943 show how Scottish agriculture beats that in England and Wales:

	SCOTLAND.	ENGLAND, WALES.
Wheat	22 cwt.	20.3 cwt.
Barley	20.1 cwt.	18.2 cwt.
Potatoes	7.5 tons	7.1 tons
Turnips, Swedes	17.7 tons	12.3 tons
Mangolds ..	20.7 tons	20.4 tons
Seed hay ..	33.0 cwt.	28.2 cwt.
Meadow hay ..	22.8 cwt.	18.8 cwt.

Only in sugar beet does England lead. In Scotland, as nearly as can be proved, the average laying hen lays seventy eggs in a year, as compared with the sixty-three eggs laid by a hen in England and Wales.

"These facts and figures are not indicative of a decadent industry," declares Johnston. "On the contrary, they are evidence of enterprise, courage and virility. We have our faults and our failings. Of course we have. But whatever the future has in store for our race we have surely in our skilled and industrious agricultural population and in their achievements a magnificent heritage second to none in the world."

England is Backward

Scotland now has hope in places where there was despair. There is much still to do. But the great job has been tackled.

In England, vested interests of all kinds are delaying progress.

Had it been speeded up, a post-war Coalition might have been possible. As it is, "Planning *v.* No Controls" is the issue which will divide the nation.

Hannen Swaffer

Hitler's Last Hope

DO you realise that within five minutes from now you can make that coupon below worth £300 to you?

In fact, nearer five *seconds* was enough for Mr. W. H. Pickard (163, Upperton Road, Leicester) to complete his topical First Prize *Bullet* in Contest 1,468: WHAT HITLER HOPES—"UNDERGROUND" PROVIDES "RETURN TICKET."

For both you and Hitler, time is short—start on your *Bullets* now!

UP GOES 'Bullets' FIRST!

£300

For Two, Three or Four Words.

1,642 OTHER AWARDS

£20, £10, 10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1, 100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £300 First Prize.

TIDE OF VICTORY
RUINED GERMANY
EAST AND WEST
IN SAN FRANCISCO
A NEW TUNE
LAST CHANCE
SUFFERING
IT'S ILLEGAL, BUT
LIKE A LAMB
A MAN'S WAY
GOING WITHOUT
IN A FOOL'S PARADISE
CANTEEN TEA
NASTY BIT OF WORK
WITH A ROGUISH SMILE
CUP OF SORROW
IN LUCK
RAY OF SUNSHINE
KNOCKED ABOUT
NOW DAD'S THE FOREMAN

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

FOUNDATION OF .....
ALL THEY'VE .....
..... WEAKNESS
GIVEN HIS.....
THE BOOKIE ..... AND
STRAIGHT FROM THE.....

RESULT 1,470—FIRST PRIZE £250

F. W. HANDY, 47, VICTOR STREET, HEAVITREE, EXETER.

WHAT WE'VE LOST

PRECIOUS SOULS—SAVED, "SOUL."

£20: J. Hughes, Glan Llyn Farm, Morfa Bychan, Portmadoc.
Round The Peace Table—Let "Carpenter" Guide "Architects"!

£10: A/A.B. T. Edmonds, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Round The Peace Table—Deserved Seats Only, Please!

10 Prizes of £5:

H. Blissitt, Red Lion Lane, Little Sutton, Wirral.
Wifey's Spring-cleaning, So—Air Thick—Fare Thin.

E. Bollands, 51, Knightside Gardens, Dunston, Gateshead, 11.
Life Of A Sultan—Suspected—Hoopock's Out East!

Mrs. E. Brayshaw, 1, Nelson Square, Burnley, Lancs.
Sign Of The Times—Italian Prisoner Wanting Gratuity!

D. Clark, 23, Hayburn Crescent, Glasgow, W.
Can It Be That—Gestapo's Even "Shot" Bolt?

C.P.O. W. Dowse, H.M.S. "M——," c/o G.P.O.
Grandpa's Footsteps—"Phew!" And "Ah!" Between.

M. Evans, 8, Albion Street, Aylesbury.
Bricklayer Winston—Has "Sand"—Has Sandys?

Mrs. G. Rushworth, 61, Hook Road, Goole, Yorkshire.
Good Show—Merchant Navy's—Goods Show.

H. L. Thomas, 86, Northenden Rd., Sale, Manchester.
Round The Peace Table—Remember Versailles—And Lidice!

A. C. Williams, 73, Estcourt Rd., Fulham, London, S.W.6.
My Baby—Enthralling, But Squalling Appalling.

Tpr. J. Wood, c/o 3, Clapham Place, Prince Street, Leeds.
Round The Peace Table—Blotters Reveal "Doodle" Designs!

First Prize-winner receives £25 Bonus as offered. A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES AND CAKES WON IN XWORD No. 422.
WINNING WORDS: 1. Tower. 2. Slow. 3. Brawny. 4. Booth. 5. Dent. 6. Marx. 7. Boat. 8. Oat. 9. Will. 10. Weed. 11. Blot. 12. Tea. 13. Cafe. 14. Short.
£50 SHARERS: R. B. Beckett, Sheffield; Mrs. V. Cole, Fleetwood; Miss D. S. Richardson, Glasgow; Miss A. M. Spink, Bradford. 20 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.

NEW £100 OFFER ON THIS PAGE

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated May 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,474, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon else.

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No.....
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CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, APRIL 23.

Signed .....
Address.....
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For MAY 5 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

write to JOHN BULL about it

INTERFERENCE WITH RADIO RECEPTION

Husband resents Spring changes. Memorial to a young American soldier. Educational facilities for a "temporary civvy." Do parents' quarrels harm children? Rights of "directed" mothers

"I LIVE IN A country district near to the village blacksmith. He uses electrical apparatus in his forge, and whenever this is in action my radio is rendered useless by interference. I have talked to him about this, but he must use the apparatus, and there seems little he can do. My neighbours, too, suffer in the same way.

"I have already informed the Post Office and was given a form to fill in, but nothing has been done."

You did right to appeal to the Post Office. Some people address complaints of this kind to the B.B.C., but they are then passed on to the Post Office. If the interference is serious, apparatus can be fitted which will in all probability cure the trouble.

You will have to agitate again. As several other people suffer as you do, I suggest a joint application to the Post Office authorities. It is their duty to see that wireless reception is not spoilt by any preventable nuisance.

"WHY HAS THE SPRING weather such an unsettling effect on everyone? Before war conditions made it impossible, my wife always wanted to move into another house when Spring arrived. When I objected, she clamoured for new styles of wall-paper and fresh colour-schemes. Since she can't have them nowadays, she changes all the furniture round.

"Personally, I'm satisfied with things as they are. I like to stay put and resent continual changes. But the Spring is here again and the old agitation has started. There must be some reason for all this. Is it an inherited instinct?"

I imagine your home is in the throes of Spring-cleaning—a business which a great many men hate. But remember that most men are not at home all day and every day. If we were we might suddenly feel an urge to make things different.

There is an eruption of energy throughout all nature at this time of year. During the winter we are inclined to hibernate, but about the time of the Spring equinox a man feels the ancient impulse to do something vigorous in the garden while his wife wants to turn the house inside out. It is useless to object to such a universal instinct. You'll just have to grin and bear it!

"A YEAR AGO my wife and I made great friends with a young American soldier. I wrote to his people while he was with us, and although we have never met, we regard them as friends. We felt a personal loss when we heard that he was killed in France.

"Since his death his parents have sent us cuttings from local papers which show that he was very popular in his home town, and, although we never suspected it he had done public work and was a much-respected character in his district.

"A fund has been started to buy books for the public library in his home town to be given as a memorial on the anniversary of his death. Can you suggest any books which we might send?"

The idea is an excellent one. But books about public affairs and

opportunities. If it does not, how do I enrol for training?"

Although you are released temporarily from the R.A.F., you are still officially in the Services. You are, therefore, eligible to apply for training.

In a short time you will receive a handbook containing particulars of all the courses under the Government scheme. It is called *Release and Resettlement*. The booklet describes about fifty careers, and when you have chosen the one that appeals to you, you can get a pamphlet setting forth entry qualifications, grants available, and prospects for duly qualified persons.

"I HAVE BEEN RELEASED from the R.A.F. for six months to take up my civilian employment—an essential job in the building trade. I stand a good chance of getting a further extension of this release when my employer makes application. I may even be demobilised while still working in 'civvy street.' But I want to take advantage of the educational facilities offered to Servicemen after the war, and I am wondering if my present position affects my

X-WORD PRIZES VALUE OVER £100

FIRST PRIZE £75—Other prizes value £25 and rich 4-lb. Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Lad joining navy should be pretty good at—HEA□ING. 2. Trainer may expect big things from horse because of its build and—SI□E. 3. There's apt to be a lot of real hard this in garden even in Spring—□OIL. 4. May pull donkey up smartly—R□IN. 5. Puts you off when it's obviously just put on—PRI□E. 6. Many a warden must have gone to sleep in one—□UNK. 7. Is found in river estuary—S□LT. 8. Once won, should not be very difficult to retain—LEA□. 9. It's shocking bad luck for polar explorer to be beaten by—□CE. 10. Anyone going to speak on radio for first time needs—TE□T. 11. There's no good reason to mistake a magpie for this—□ULL. 12. Makes it worse for kiddy when answering teacher—LI□. 13. In some cases means quite unnecessary cruelty and hardship—□OOT. 14. Poor executive ability can make this ugly—SHA□E.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated May 5 enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, April 23.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 426, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 422 is given below "Bullets" Result in col. 2.

porarily from the R.A.F., you are

"DON'T YOU THINK THAT parents should settle their own quarrels without trying to induce their children to take sides?

"Once, I remember, my husband and I both appealed wildly to our eldest son as to which of us was in the right. He looked at us, and said: 'I think you're both soft!' On reflection, I thought that about summed up the situation."

I agree entirely that children should not be drawn into parents' quarrels. In fact, I think they should not even hear them. When children are well into the teens the effects of quarrels may not be serious, but if little children overhear "domestic scenes" considerable harm may be done to their attitude to life when they grow up.

It has been abundantly proved that the majority of problem children come from homes where there is friction between the parents. If adults want to retain their children's respect, they should keep their disputes dark. Otherwise they "lose face" and children will suffer from a sense of insecurity which may show itself in maladjustment to life later on.

Women and Children

R. M., Wolverhampton: A woman with a child of her own under fourteen years of age living with her is not directed into employment. If she has a child over that age, a direction can be issued, but full consideration will be given to her domestic responsibilities. There is a right of appeal to the local Appeal Board against such a direction.

T. D., Wingate: The position regarding a man at present on W (T) Reserve is that, at the end of the war with Germany, each individual case will be considered. If it is decided to recall the soldier to the Army, he will be released under the Class "A" scheme in due course with full benefits. Should he not be recalled, however, he will be left on the Reserve until final demobilisation at the end of the war with Japan. In that case, he would not be entitled to the eight weeks' leave and allowances, although he would be eligible for any leave pay in respect of overseas service.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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PROTECT YOUR CHILD

Give your child the safeguard medical science now offers. Immunisation is safe and simple. It gives almost certain protection against death from Diphtheria. The best time is just before the first birthday; but every child under 15 ought to be immunised. Protection takes three months to develop, so get your child treated now, it is dangerous to delay. Immunisation is free—apply to your Council Offices, School or Welfare Centre.

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—THE PROVED SAFEGUARD

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

SW

Constipation a source of many ills

Constipation can harm both your health and good looks. It can cloud bright eyes, make you feel perish, give you sick headaches and upset your stomach. So take care of yourself with Beecham's Pills, the ideal laxative, unfailingly gentle, reliable and effective. 1/4d. per box including Purchase Tax. Also obtainable in Pennyworths.

TAKE **Beecham's Pills**

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"I have used Benbow's for years and find it a grand tonic for my Poms. I have bred, exhibited and judged now for nearly 30 years, so I think I ought to know."

Give *your* dog this famous liquid conditioner. *Limited supplies are available from Chemists and Corn Merchants.*

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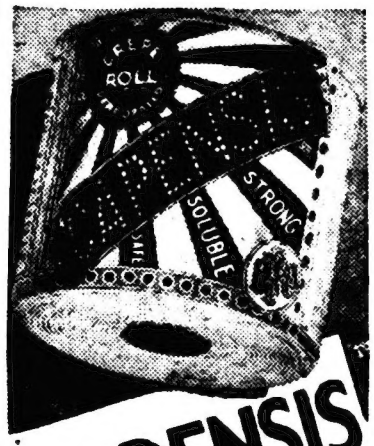

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We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock

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Evening finds HEALTHY WORKERS tired but happily content with a day's work well done.

KEEP HEALTHY and efficient! Nobody can afford to be handicapped by backache, stiff, aching joints, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders or any symptom due to sluggish kidney action.

Workers on the land and in the factory use and recommend Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for banishing these troubles. This special kidney medicine brings welcome relief by helping sluggish kidneys to filter from the blood harmful impurities which cause pain and discomfort.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

...Meeting summer with a smile in a sleeveless pullover and a classic short-sleeved jumper.

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A moss-stitch cap with gloves to match.

This carrying coat becomes a smart dressing gown when baby has grown bigger.

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OVER 250 PATTERNS PHOTOGRAPHS DIAGRAMS ETC.

Here is a practical, **entirely new** knitting book which will prove invaluable to women faced with the difficulty of making coupons go farther. "MODERN KNITTING ILLUSTRATED"—now published for the first time, contains over 250 patterns, diagrams and photographs, with easy-to-follow directions for making smart frocks, jumpers, cardigans, undies, captivating hats, gloves—over 70 different things which women can make for themselves, their menfolk, children, and the home. It shows how to knit many lovely stitches, tells the principles of knitting and includes a special section on the care of knitted garments—repairs and renovation, washing and drying, refooting, etc.

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J.E.1 14/4/45

K.B.6

What is a 'Plastic' DENTURE?

Most modern dentures are made of one of the new 'plastics' such as 'acrylic.' They are light in weight and very strong, but care must be taken in the choice of a cleansing and polishing agent. Tests prove that KOLYNOS DENTURE *POWDER* is as *harmless* to the new 'plastic' type as it is to vulcanite or metal bases—yet it effectively removes stains and food debris. From all chemists—**1/3.**

KOLYNOS *DENTURE* POWDER

Also, where gum-shrinkage has affected the normal suction grip, KOLYNOS DENTURE *FIXATIVE makes false teeth fit firmly*—1/3 & 3/3

BLOTCHY SKIN

RELIEF!

marred by spots, ugly rashes and pimples is cleared "like magic" by Cuticura Ointment. It cleanses pores of all impurities and assures skin health. *2/10 & 1/5 at in at all Chemists & Stores.*

Cuticura OINTMENT

FOOD FACTS

BRIGHTER

BREAKFASTS

HELP TO START THE DAY RIGHT

If the family's got out of bed on the wrong side, if war-time routine looms extra dull and dreary, see how quickly these brighter breakfasts will brighten the outlook!

They're easily prepared, tempting to look at and good to taste. What's even more important, they provide body-fuel to keep you warm in treacherous weather, and added energy to help you tackle the day's work without flagging.

FISH FRITTERS
make a pleasant change

Ingredients: 4 oz. self-raising flour, or, 4 oz. plain flour and 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 level teaspoon salt, quarter level teaspoon pepper, 2 to 3 dried eggs, DRY, 2 to 3 tablespoons water, quarter pint milk,★ 2 to 3 oz. flaked cooked fish, 1 level tablespoon chopped parsley, fat for frying. *Method:* Mix flour, baking powder, salt, pepper and egg. Make to a thick batter with the water and milk. Beat well. Add fish and parsley. Drop spoonfuls into a little hot fat in a frying-pan and fry until golden brown on both sides. Serve at once. This makes 8 fritters.

BREAKFAST FRY
helps to spin out the bacon

Ingredients: 2 rashers of fat bacon, finely chopped, 4 dried eggs (reconstituted), salt and pepper. *Method:* Put the bacon in a frying-pan without fat, and cook lightly. Pour in the seasoned egg, and cook without stirring until set and brown underneath. Roll up or cut in pieces, and serve at once.

BREAKFAST PANCAKES
A savoury way with fat bacon

Ingredients: 2 rashers of fat bacon, 1 small onion or leek, chopped, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. *Batter:* 4 oz. flour, 1 dried egg, DRY, salt, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, quarter pint milk,★ or milk and water. *Method:* Cut up bacon into small pieces and fry with the chopped onion. Mix the flour, egg, salt and baking powder to a smooth batter with the milk or milk and water. Add the bacon, onion and parsley to this. Drop spoonfuls into a little hot fat in a frying-pan and fry till golden brown on both sides.

MORE MARMALADE!
From April 1st your Preserves Coupon will be worth 2 lb. marmalade *or* 1 lb. preserves other than marmalade, *or* 1 lb. sugar.

★ *Household Milk can be used for these recipes. It should be added* DRY *with the dry ingredients. Then add water for mixing.*

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 248

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he'll still insist on using

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

to keep his shoes brilliantly smart and waterproof.

Use sparingly—still in short supply.

CB/DN

"Thanks pal, for the way you're keeping them on the run. We're backing you up by keeping in top gear with our War Savings."

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Issued by the National Savings Committee

'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets
(Regd.)

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Why Mary has no shoe problem

Mary owns a pair of shoes
Which are her joy and pride;
Mary loves to walk about
When other people ride.
Yet Mary's shoes wear very well,
How comfortable they feel,
For each of them is fitted with
A Goodyear Sole and Heel!

* * *

So remember to ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR

SOLES AND HEELS

For Men, Women and Children

(including Lightweight "invisible" stickon soles for women)

FOR LIGHTNING SHAVES WITHOUT STING OR BURN

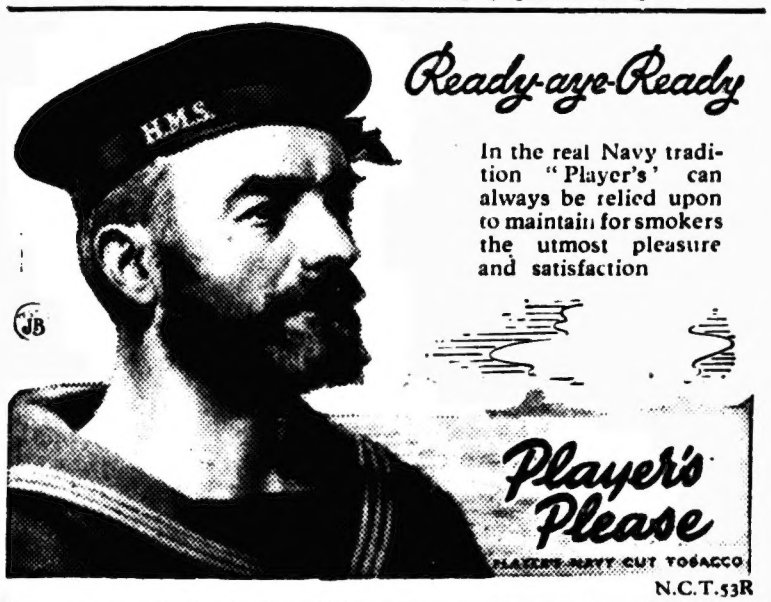
Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off—like lightning without sting or burn!

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

NOT SO EASY TO GET NOWADAYS SO GO EASY

...CHANGE TO

COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM



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One of the nation's tasks is to apportion its resources to the best advantage. On this basis public policy after the war should be so devised that all who desire to purchase houses for their own occupation can do so as soon as practicable. The builders of good houses will be ready to play their part; so will the Abbey National and other building societies. Thus may free enterprise make a worthy contribution equally with public effort.

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